

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

It has apparently dawned on some Toronto people that this city can do a part of the business of outfitting parties for the Yukon gold fields. It has required only a very little experimenting and comparing of prices to make it plain that Toronto is one of the cheapest points on the continent for the purchase of supplies. Several agents from points in the United States have been here, I am told, making purchases and sending news of the "snap" to others. Now that a beginning has been made, we may expect to see the thing worked for all it is worth, for the boom prices that prevail in all the cities of the Pacific coast will not be reached here until the demand exceeds the supply. This is not what might be called an immediate contingency. Notwithstanding all the desperate efforts made by the combiners who operate from Seattle to capture all the trade of the Yukon, it is becoming very plain that the Canadian cities of Vancouver and Victoria are so advantageously situated that only the rankest international injustice practiced by the United States, and submitted to by the Canadian Government, can longer prevent the trade shifting bodily from the Puget Sound cities to our own cities in British Columbia. It is very plain that this rank injustice will not be lacking; and we must depend on the Canadian Government to put up a "foreign policy" that will have no tremors or qualms in it. It is a time for bold play, and those who now find fault with the Government for the speed with which it completed arrangements for a railway that will give us a fast Canadian entry to the Yukon, may soon appreciate the circumstances that compelled haste and forbade haggling. To enumerate all the exasperating manoeuvres that have been made by the combiners at Seattle and the gamblers at Washington, would make too long a story for my present purpose; but since the first man returned from the Klondike with a bag of gold there has been a continuous grab at the gold fields and the wealth flowing to and from them, and the decorously asserted (at first timidly asserted) rights of Canada have been flouted. It is not unlikely that the United States authorities have broken faith with our Minister of the Interior in some particulars, and it is within the range of possibilities that more marked examples of this ill-faith may be witnessed soon. Possibly our Government may not be permitted to forget that it deals with men whose only experience of diplomacy is gained at the poker-table. But if we should presume even on the most active co-operation of the Washington authorities, how great is the need for quick action so that our civil authority shall not be imperiled by the presence of an ungovernable rabble of foreigners who have found that gold cannot be picked up like chips in a woodyard. There must be a means for rushing a big body of armed men, if necessary, into the Yukon country. The Canadian Government is, no doubt, deeply conscious of this, and better informed than individuals can be.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* came out the other day with a double-headed editorial calling on the City Council of Seattle to close up the "bureaus of information" opened up in that city on behalf of Vancouver and Victoria—bureaus "representing alien cities in efforts to divert Alaska and Klondike traffic from this city to their own." It says that "under present circumstances this intrusion is impudent, uncalled for and wholly undesired," and urges the imposition of a license on such bureaus. "The license should be high," it adds. "If it is paid, the city will be in some measure compensated for possible loss of business; if it is not, its object cannot be said to have been defeated." That is, the *Intelligencer* suggests a tax that will close up the bureaus and prevent the agents of Victoria and Vancouver from keeping offices open in Seattle. The matter, it seems, has been investigated and such an ordinance would be valid, and, says the Seattle paper:

It should be distinctly understood that its purpose is to impose a license on the agents of alien cities, and not upon our neighbors in the United States and Alaska.

This is quite in keeping with the whole spirit of the neighboring republic in its regulations and doings in regard to our gold fields. The City Council of Seattle gravely considered this proposal, but decided not to act upon it. Possibly we should be thankful, yet we hold that if the "alien" question is raised at all, Canada should raise it. Joseph Martin, in an interview at Winnipeg, and Dr. Montague in a speech at Ottawa, have both this week urged that "aliens" should not be allowed to get mining rights in the Klondike. They point out that in Alaska, Oregon and Washington Territory, aliens are not allowed to take up mining claims. If a new gold field should be discovered to-morrow fifty miles from Dawson City, across the border of Alaska, and the miners should rush there, all Canadian and British subjects would be stopped short and forced to declare their intention of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States before they could strike a pick into the ground. We get no return and no thanks for giving the citizens of the republic the same privileges in our mining regions that our own citizens possess, and if they claim these privileges and we concede them because to deny them would be dangerous, then it seems that the republic enjoys the fruits of conquest without the pains of war.

On page 7 of this paper appears an interesting letter from Ellen R. C. Webber of Vancouver about the dogs that are being shipped from that port to Skagway for use on the Klondike trail. Miss Webber tells of over one thousand

dogs being corralled in that city at one time, refers to one as a "mastiff," and speaks of the majority of the dogs as coming from the lumber camps of Newfoundland, and being part native and part Siberian hound. So many contradictory statements are made concerning these dogs that this information, if accurate, is important. Last week the writer of our British Columbia Comments expressed a suspicion that the dogs he had seen at the Vancouver wharves might have been gathered from the pounds of Winnipeg, Montreal and Toronto—useless mongrels that could do no more than carry their own weight uphill. It was explained that dogs that profess to be serviceable are worth \$40 in Vancouver, and at or beyond Skagway are worth from \$300 to \$500, a condition of the market which makes it certain that dogs will be produced from somewhere by somebody. Not long ago a despatch from Montreal stated that while a train lay in a siding at Sault Recollet, near that city, fourteen dogs broke from a car, killed eight pigs, four

questions with great accuracy. In the presence of one of these prophesies you could write a question on a slip of paper and hide it in your pocket, yet she would call out your name, state your question and give you an answer—perhaps not the correct answer, but one that you could not, then and there, prove to be wrong. Where is Mrs. Baldwin? Where is Anna Eva Fay? One of these prophesies could make money in Toronto just now by forecasting the election results of March 1 in Ontario. People are anxious to know whether Hardy or Whitney will win, and there is no other question that just now approaches this in interest—or should I say that with many it is curiosity rather than interest?

The strong party man cannot well judge the trend of public opinion, because his associates are largely of his own way of thinking and he does not hear what others are saying. The canvasser is greatly encouraged, whether he be Grit or Tory, for, mark you, we have in this

cess since Sir Oliver retired, but a sword may not resist the spread of a contagion that infests the air, and facts are often futile against a sentiment. My opinion of the situation, then, is this, that Mr. Hardy has managed matters with a skill that would, usually, win success, and if he is beaten he will be Fate's victim. If he is beaten it will mean that Sir Oliver jumped off the pendulum just at the point where perforce it must have begun to swing back. Mr. Whitney may not succeed, but it is being made very plain that his repulse is not at all certain, and his campaign, that looked particularly stupid for a time, is proving strong in its very elusiveness. A leader without a past to rail at, without a policy to misinterpret, calling on the people to try the diversion of "a change," may either win or lose with amazing completeness.

Mr. W. B. Rogers, who has received the Liberal nomination in South Toronto, is not running on the platform of the Retail Mer-

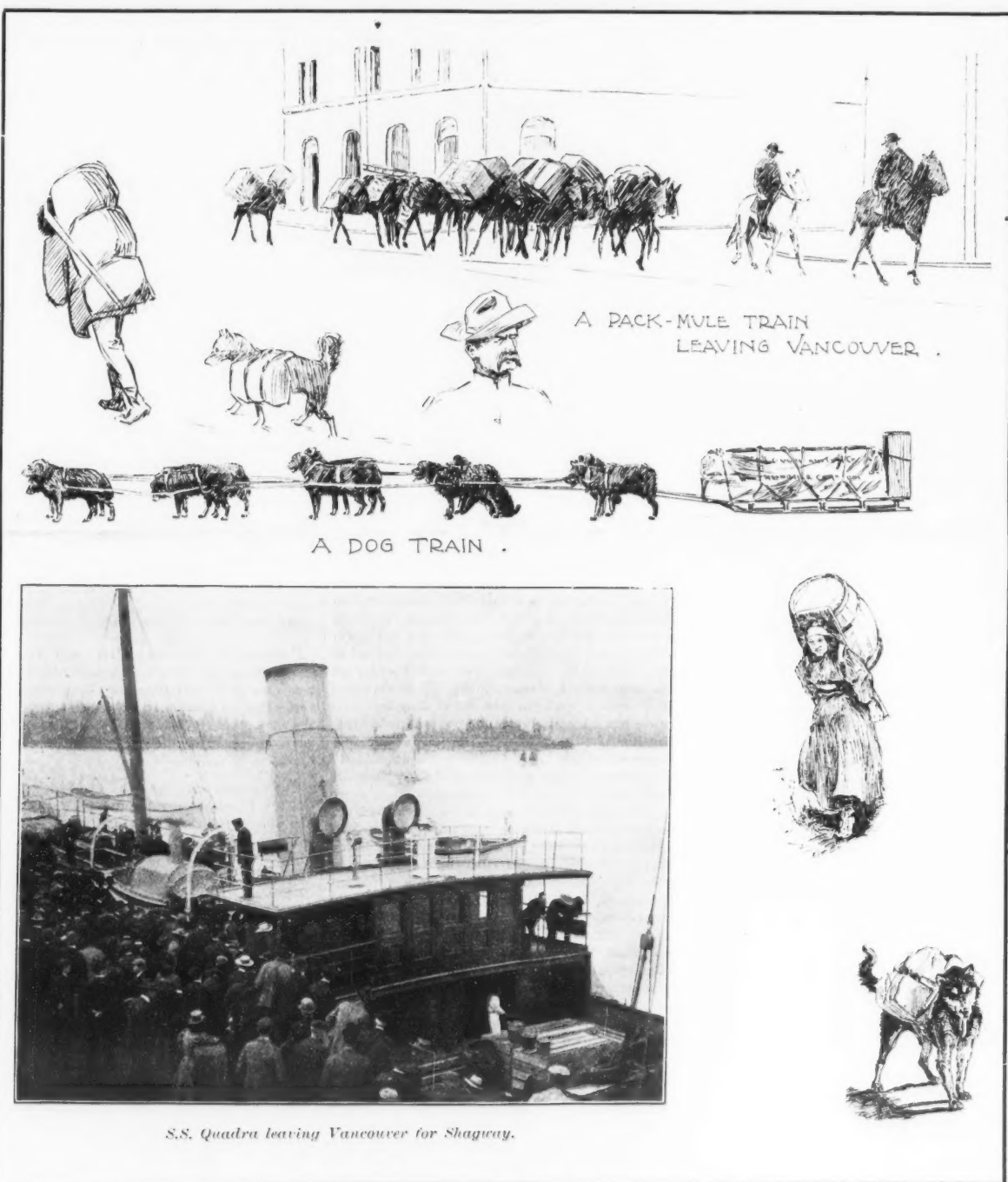
to push a line north to James Bay. If that project is ultimately dropped, let us hope that business reasons, and not railway influence, may cause that result. The Ottawa and Parry Sound Railway, by side-tracking Toronto at Scotia Junction, is sure to bring a rival road into Parry Sound; and the Grand Trunk, by allowing that scheme against Toronto to succeed, also makes the new northern a certainty. The C.P.R. will no doubt get all the aid it can coax or bully out of the public, but it will build a line to Sudbury whether or no, and its managers are just clever enough to see that now is the time to ask favors of Toronto. There is every reason to suppose that Mayor Shaw of Toronto has already had important interviews with the C.P.R. management, and a definite proposition may soon be announced.

Manager Keating of the Toronto Street Railway Company, who was a few days ago City Engineer and making heroic efforts to compel the street car people to provide a better service, has in his new capacity replied to himself in his old capacity, and shows that he is possessed of unusual talent as a monologue artist. In his new guise he says that the Company is anxious to avoid the overcrowding of the street cars, and puts on extra cars at the hours of greatest travel. "I do not at present see what further steps can be taken by the Company in this matter," says Mr. Keating. It might have been supposed that during his years of service as City Engineer he would have discovered some way of meeting the difficulty—some plan that he, as manager, could now apply. "I will, however, make it my special business to look into the matter at the earliest possible opportunity." It is to be hoped that the kind gentleman will not forget this promise. In the meantime, Mr. Rust may see fit to look into it, too. The Company puts on extra cars during the busy hours of travel. "What more can we do?" asks the Company. Perhaps it would answer if more extra cars were put on—more and more and more until there are enough. This remedy is so simple that it has heretofore escaped the specialists employed by the Company to write answers to the City Engineer's department. A man who goes out Queen street west any time between 5 and 6.30 o'clock in the evening will have to cling to a strap five evenings out of six. If one car is crowded and he waits for the next, he will find it just as crowded. This is my own experience. I have used the Sunday cars eight times and on only two occasions was I able to get a seat—having to stand up both going to and coming from a down-town church at night, also going to and coming from High Park on an afternoon in summer, and in coming down-town to visit friends at 2.30 in the afternoon.

The Street Railway Company is talking sheer humbug. The managers of the road will pack us in like sardines in a box just so long as the practice is tolerated. During the hours when big crowds are to be handled there are extra trams put on, and they consist of a motor car and a trailer packed full of people. When the crowd diminishes the trains are less frequent, yet are packed full, and then off go the trailers, and the motors are packed full. On Sunday the trailers are off, and again we must cling to straps. All the Company aims to do is to supply sufficient cars to do all the business possible at as little expense as possible. The only grievance that the Company will remedy of its own accord, is the one that induces people to walk instead of riding in a car. At no regular hour of travel can a man rely upon getting and keeping a seat—coming to business in the morning, going home in the evening, coming to and going from the theaters, going anywhere on Sunday—the service seems to be carefully clipped, gauged and regulated to just carry the people in packed and crushed boxfuls. If the Company was compelled to carry for half-fare all passengers who could not be provided with seats, a remedy would be forthcoming.

The portrait of the late President Jose Maria Reyna Barrios was obtained from Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, Canadian Commissioner to Mexico, Central and South America, who has just returned from the field of his labor and spent the last two weeks of December in Guatemala. In an interview with regard to President Barrios he said: "The assassination of President Barrios has been expected ever since the unjustifiable execution on the steps of a church in Quezaltenango of Senor Don 'Juanito' Aparicio, the richest and most beloved of all the heads of great families in the republic of Guatemala. This occurred, if my memory serves me right, in September last, in the midst of what was called a revolution, but which is very generally suspected of having been a *coup* of President Barrios to so mystify the republic as to make it possible for him to become Dictator! The dictatorship of course was unconstitutional, and Don Prospero Morales, who had been Minister of War, had also declared himself a candidate for the Presidency, together with Senor Don Juares. The suspected conspiracy to obtain the Presidency for a further term, or rather a dictatorship, was so involved in intrigues, treachery and bloodshed that I cannot deal with it in any brief interview. I have twenty-five pictures illustrative of the whole business, which I brought home with me, together with the portrait of Juan Aparicio, and some time I hope to write the inner history of the whole episode as I heard it from those who should know the facts.

President Barrios has been President since Barillas, who was ousted by revolution in '92. Barrios was a nephew of the great President of



S.S. Quadra leaving Vancouver for Skagway.

## OFF FOR THE KLONDIKE.

sheep and thirty hens, partly devoured them, and then made off into the woods. Only two were captured and the twelve are running wild, and all attempts to capture, trap or shoot them have failed in most instances, although some have since been shot. The despatch stated: "The dogs are imported from Belgium and are of a large, ferocious species." Are they really from Belgium, or from Newfoundland, or from Siberia, or from Labrador, or—from the pounds of Montreal and Toronto? There are two kinds of dogs that are valuable in the Klondike trail—the sledge dog that can be worked in teams, and the strong-bodied, tractable dog that can be used as a pack mule. The sledge dog that is tested: it is the other kind of dog that is likely to be personated by the mongrel who will lie down with his load or die on a sparse diet of dried fish. The canines that are being taken up to Skagway are, no doubt, a very miscellaneous lot, and the performances of many of them will fall very far short of the work done by the hardy breed of dogs owned by the Indian tribes of Alaska and northern British Columbia. However, the dogs probably know as much about carrying freight as their masters know about mining, and there need be no nasty recriminations.

How will the Ontario elections result? Now and again there tours through Canada a Mrs. Baldwin or an Anna Eva Fay, pausing at the theaters and professing to answer the most difficult

country a good-humored people and a secret ballot. A man might be encouraged to believe that he would sweep a constituency, and yet get only his own vote. The man who has nothing to do with any political party may, by fair enquiry and careful observation, form a good general opinion of the way things are going.

From this view-point, I think, then, this the most astonishing election that we have had in Ontario. There appears to be nothing at issue. The leader of the Opposition has announced no policy, and the Government goes up and down the country without sighting the enemy, yet growing ever more uneasy and finding it necessary to be on the defensive. Without doubt Premier Hardy outgeneralled Mr. Whitney during the recent session and gained point after point as the game of politics went on, but it is very clear now that Mr. Whitney is willing to concede point after point, for he depends not on stratagem, but on Fate itself, and on a somewhat improved grade of candidates. He goes to the country professing an alliance: Whitney and Fate. He says: "It is time for a change; Mowat is retired; the Grits are in power at Ottawa, and it is not safe to have them in power here, too; there is nothing at issue, but the books should be audited—in fact, it is time for a change." Against this, Hon. A. S. Hardy can but quote facts and figures to show that he has carried on the Government with rare suc-

cess since Sir Oliver retired, but a sword may not resist the spread of a contagion that infests the air, and facts are often futile against a sentiment. My opinion of the situation, then, is this, that Mr. Hardy has managed matters with a skill that would, usually, win success, and if he is beaten he will be Fate's victim. If he is beaten it will mean that Sir Oliver jumped off the pendulum just at the point where perforce it must have begun to swing back. Mr. Whitney may not succeed, but it is being made very plain that his repulse is not at all certain, and his campaign, that looked particularly stupid for a time, is proving strong in its very elusiveness. A leader without a past to rail at, without a policy to misinterpret, calling on the people to try the diversion of "a change," may either win or lose with amazing completeness.

Mr. A. E. Fletcher, ex-editor of the London *Daily Chronicle*, in a recent lecture deplored the tendency of modern newspapers to compel the world's attention to "what the worst men and women do, not to what the best men and women think."

The Canadian Pacific Railway will build a line from Toronto to Sudbury if need be, but would prefer to have a line built and presented to it. There is a growing feeling that if the people build any more railways they must retain ownership of them; and there is an opinion also that the C.P.R. is not very anxious



the same name, who did much for Guatemala, and he was called in to relieve the republic of what was considered the tyranny of the ruling President. He was a man of very small stature and great vanity, delighting in brilliant military uniforms stiff with gold lace. He permitted no one to interfere with his arbitrary exercise of power, and while he did much that was good, his failure to make a success of the Guatemala Exposition held last year embarrassed the country financially and made him very unpopular. It is said the exhibition grounds were public property and that the contract for erecting buildings did not exceed half a million dollars, yet between four and five million dollars was expended and no satisfactory account was ever given of the balance. The receipts were trivial, and while the new Alameda and Reforma were built, their attractiveness has never justified the expenditure, and they are but little used. Business was paralyzed by the forced loans exacted from the banks and the extraordinary measures taken to raise money. The Northern Railway, for the completion of which an immense loan was raised in Europe, is still incomplete, sixty miles being unbuilt and the contractors remaining unpaid for much of the work which has been finished. When this gap is completed Guatemala will have a trans-isthmus railway, and the natural richness of the country and the enterprise of the people will no doubt pull it out of the deep ditch in which it is now lying.

As the assassination was expected by those who know what the vendetta in these countries means, and as a new President has been taken from those constitutionally entitled to the place, it is quite natural that the public peace should remain undisturbed. It is a hard thing to say, but the methods of Central and South America are such that no great change can be obtained without a revolution or an assassination, and I am quite sure that Guatemala will be better off with a new President. In Canada we have reason to rejoice that they have a more humane and less bloody way of disposing of leaders who are objectionable to the people. Gen. Barrios was married in the United States and has no legitimate children. He was still young in the forties and a handsome man who looked almost like a Japanese. I have a very pleasant recollection of my interview with him, which took place less than two months ago. Personally I regret his terrible end, but of course I have to view it from the standpoint of the country and in the light of his environment. There is nothing half so tragic in his taking-off as in the terrible and uncalculated execution of Don Apuricio, for in the latter story there are elements so complex, apparently so mysterious, an ending so full of all the Old World tragedy of the Middle Ages, that one unacquainted with the country can hardly appreciate how utterly disregardful in the spilling of human blood men can be who are overcome by the lust of power and unrestrained by laws which they dare not transgress."

Ald. Hallam of Toronto hung up his resignation on a peg at the City Hall; he came back in about a week and removed it. It is because of such jokes as this that the humorists of Ward 2 elect him.

The execution of the boy Allison at Berlin was about as edifying and as wholesome in its influences as the crime which he committed. If hangings are to be private why should there be "about forty newspaper men present?" If the witnessing of such scenes is demoralizing, have we any forty persons in the community who should be so carefully guarded from demoralization as forty newspaper men whose thought and character influence the reading matter of thousands of households?

The granting of a new trial to Hammond was the work of a bench of judges and was based on a point of law. By our new code a witness at an inquest can be compelled to give evidence, but if he is afterwards prosecuted for the crime his evidence cannot be used against him. Formerly he could refuse to testify at an inquest on the ground that his evidence might be used to incriminate him. In Hammond's first trial his evidence at the inquest was not admitted and the jury disagreed; at the second trial the evidence was admitted and he was convicted. He has been granted a new trial and the inquest evidence excluded. This is not like the Sternaman case, and there is no occasion for fearing that new trials are to be granted on all kinds of technicalities hereafter. When our new criminal code gets into smooth working order there will be as much despatch as ever.

#### British Columbia Comment.

There is small use in attempting to get up a conversation on anything except the Klondike nowadays. No matter what you start on, the subject invariably shifts about to the one absorbing topic. On the streets, in the household, the hotel corridors, and even in the churches, the magic word obtrudes itself. The Yukon microbe is growing in virulence and numbers, is finding fresh fields and ready victims for the reception of its insidious presence every day. The scenes on the streets and the wharves are both novel and entertaining. Thin-blooded, olive-complexioned men from the sunny clime of Alta California; yellow-visaged tobacco-chewing adventurers from Chicago and St. Paul; ruddy-cheeked, loose-jointed natives of Nova Scotia, and all the manifold characters representative of every state in the Union and each province of fair Canada, swagger about the thoroughfares and congregate in places of amusement. While the majority are content to stay on in the centers of civilization until reason tells them to start—for a great many are too impatient, too badly bitten with the epidemic to linger by the way—every other day a steamer leaves one or more of the cities, bound northwards, each carrying a full complement of passengers and cargo.

On Thursday last, at nine p.m., the City of Seattle swung out into the stream from Evans & Coleman's wharf. On the staunch little steamer a motley collection of six hundred souls were herded together. Card sharps, "sure-thing" men, mechanics, clerks, men from every walk of life were there, the mutual goal of fortune and danger welding all, for the time being, in the bonds of fellowship, leveling



PRESIDENT BARRIOS OF GUATEMALA.  
Assassinated February 9. See Around Town.

all social barriers and distinctions.

On the upper deck sat a broad-shouldered blacksmith who had sold out forge and bellows for a mere song; beside him stood his wife, a thin, anxious-looking woman, holding tightly by the hand a child of four years old. Unfortunate woman, unfortunate child, little do you realize the hardships and privations ahead of you! Other women were there on that boat ready and willing to face the difficulties and hardships attending life in the mining camps; but these latter were well able to take care of themselves. They came from the flotsam and jetsam of the Sound cities, from the fringe of society—the harpies ever found in the wake of the successful argonaut. Every fourth man was the possessor of a dog of more or less uncertain breeding, the consequent yapping and snarling raising an insufferable riot. Below a drove of horses, penned into most disproportionate stalls, stamped and whinnied with fear, adding their quota to the general racket and din.

The party of young Englishmen are still on the coast. They apparently are in no desperate hurry to reach the gold fields; at least they state that they are not going to leave civilization until a certain duty has been discharged. Part of their by no means light luggage consists of ten or twelve cases of champagne. A report from their advance agent reaching them that the extreme cold of the north caused champagne bottles to explode, they expressed it "a jolly shame" to have so much good liquor wasted, and decided to stay with the bubbling liquid until the last drop had been consumed. As a result they, and the boys with whom they have struck up fraternal acquaintanceship, are having a lovely time, and the gold of Bonanza and Hunker Creeks is safe for some time to come so far as they are concerned.

That the people of Great Britain have a peculiar idea of the resources of Canada is evidenced by the fact that a detachment of this same party procured several tons of hay in London, England, had it neatly baled up and shipped to this country for the use of horses which they intended to purchase at Edmonton. It cost them \$70.00 per ton to land it at its destination, and when they arrived on the scene they discovered that a better article could be had for about one-tenth the cost. What wild ideas they had conceived concerning Western Canada it is difficult to imagine, but common sense should have told them that where horses were to be had, hay and fodder of necessity would also be. Carrying coals to Newcastle is hardly a patch on this, and it is a tale that some people will find difficult to credit, but those who have run across a certain type of young Englishman with his glibbie propensities will contest not an item of its authenticity.

Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 3, '98.

#### Society at the Capital.

The opening ceremonies of Parliament, of which the telegraph wires had so very much to say, are succeeded by a brilliant procession of social events. The drawing-room of last Saturday night was a notable one. Over seven hundred people were present, and the gowns and jewels were the finest ever seen at the Capital. Notwithstanding the efforts made by Mr. Erskine to have the arrangements in and about the Senate Chamber as perfect as possible, the pushing and crowding was at some points very great, and many trains and veils needed readjusting before the final *entree* was made. A very large number of officers were in the Senate Chamber when, to the strains of the National Anthem, His Excellency and the Countess of Aberdeen and suite entered at seven o'clock. They immediately took up their position on the dais, the ladies in attendance grouping themselves at one side. These included: Hon. Mrs. Montgomery Moore, Mrs. Gascoigne, Miss Martin Smith, Mrs. Hewitt, Hon. Miss Colborne and the Misses Thompson. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, General Montgomery Moore, General Gascoigne and Commander Law accompanied the Governor-General. His Excellency wore Court dress: white satin knee breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, dark blue coat braided with gold, and the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Countess of Aberdeen wore a costume of dark green with embroidery, veil and feathers, and diamond ornaments; Lady Laurier wore white satin trimmed with lace; Mrs. Hamilton, wife of the Lord Bishop of Ottawa, wore black velvet and white lace. The costumes were nearly all made with long trains, and those not wearing the orthodox veil and feathers were the exception.

On Monday night the directors of the Rideau

Rink gave a large At Home in honor of the Members and their wives.

Lord Ava also gave a driving party to Aylmer, chaperoned by Mrs. Avery and Mrs. Fleming, at which about fifty people were present. A number of dinners were given also, and a progressive euchre party by Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine.

On Tuesday afternoon people went to and fro all over the town. Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine had a large progressive euchre party for ladies only. Mrs. Davis, Theodore street, gave a large At Home. Mrs. Scott, wife of the Secretary of State, gave a large reception for the strangers now in town. Mrs. Chrysler gave a five o'clock tea, largely attended, and Lady Grant had a cosy little "kettledrum" for a few friends. During the afternoon Mrs. Irving Cameron, whose hostess's day is Tuesday, had a very large number of callers anxious to welcome her to the Capital.

It is estimated that there are over one hundred girls visiting the city, and every one wishes that another hundred young men to dance and skate with them would arrive on the scene. Many of these girls are extremely pretty and smart-looking belles in their own homes, and alas! probably expect to be the same here. It may be better this season, but last year it was no uncommon sight to see fifty or sixty very pretty wall-flowers.

#### Social and Personal.

Again this week has the Grand been the rendezvous of society, which gave greeting to the "swell" actor from across the lines in unmistakable enthusiasm and gratification. Bumper houses on Monday and Tuesday and a record-breaker on Wednesday were the flattering fact, and while Sothorn was undoubtedly at his best on all three nights, the interest on Wednesday centered on Miss Anglin, who made her appearance as the irrepressible Meg, the maid of all work in the poor boarding-house in which Lord Chumley "economized" for a season. The *abandon* and the subtle art with which Miss Anglin played Meg were appreciated by that most merciless of critics, an audience of one's own friends; and the call before the curtain to which Sothorn responded was undoubtedly for Meg, as the timidly voiced "Anglin," which one heard from different corners of the house, testified. Why it should be accounted an indiscretion to shout Bravo, or to call for the particular actor one desires to honor in this extraordinary city, passes the comprehension of persons who have heard transatlantic enthusiasm taking voice. The pretty maid did not come before the curtain, however, though she certainly was called, and hers was the ovation of Wednesday evening.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Wheeler and Mr. Frank Everest took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 28 Seaton street, Dr. Morgan Wood officiating. Miss Wheeler wore a bridal gown of white brocade, with rare lace and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Maud Wheeler, as bridesmaid; Miss Ina Wheeler as maid of honor, and *petite* Miss Erminie Matthews as ring-bearer. Miss Maud wore pale blue *sacchetto*, with forget-me-nots and bouquet of Marshal Niel roses. Miss Ina wore pink satin, with cream lace and pearls, and carried pink roses. The little ring-bearer was in white silk, with white roses. Mr. Howard Ayer was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Everest will reside at 28 Sorauren avenue, Parkdale, and Mrs. Everest will receive on Thursdays.

Dr. and Mrs. Patton have removed from Bloor street to 189 Gerrard street east, where Mrs. Patton receives on the first and second Mondays in the month.

Four teas at least occupied ladies on Wednesday, and one of them was a very cosy affair given by Mrs. Eakins in her very dainty home in Madison avenue. There a pleasant party of ladies assembled at five o'clock and passed a most enjoyable hour, or such fraction thereof as their other engagements permitted. Mr. Eakins did not desert his better half, after the manner of some men, upon the afternoon devoted to a reception of this nature, but was at her side with a compliment for each smart dame as she greeted host and hostess. In the dining-room a bevy of maidens dispensed tea and ever so many seductive good things, and now and then the sweet voice of Miss Hodgert was the summons back to the drawing-room to listen to her charming songs, which proved an attraction stronger than even the most tempting of afternoon tea goodies, and relieved that crowding of the tea-room which amazed one of our knights the other day. "Why," he asked,

"when they have taken their tea do they continue to pack themselves about this room when there are plenty of half-empty rooms at hand?" As if anyone could give answer to a question concerning the ways of women!

One of the largest and most successful progressive euchre parties of the season was given by Mrs. Mitchell of St. George street on Tuesday evening. Twenty tables were called into requisition for the players, which were placed in the spacious drawing-room, reception-room and hall, while throughout the evening delicious music was rendered by the orchestra. The hostess wore a stylish costume of blue and black, and was ably assisted in her duties by charming Miss Inez, who was daintily gowned in pink silk. Cards were indulged in until 11.30, when a sumptuous supper was partaken of, and afterwards dancing was much enjoyed for the remainder of the evening. The prizes were very handsome, and the pretty bells and ribbon, denoting the winners, something new and dainty.

Mrs. W. Hyslop gave a tea to a number of ladies at her home in Sherbourne street on Wednesday, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Bradley, Miss McLeod of Woodstock, and a number of young lady friends. All the surroundings were elegant in the extreme, and the pretty hostess, in a Paris gown of russet and rich green shades, with a touch of deep rose-color, was a picture.

The convention of Lady Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses has this week introduced to Toronto a party of women worthy of the highest consideration, both for their noble profession's sake and on account of their individual worth. The one profession to which all mankind takes off the hat, the one independent calling to which the most rabid anti-new-woman bows in deferential recognition, has sent noble representatives, sterling in character and bright in intellect, to hold converse together in Toronto, bringing the thought of Boston, the tact of Philadelphia, the poise of New York, the courage of Chicago, the snap of far Winnipeg, and the womanly strength of North America in general to picnic a while amid the fog and slush and general horridness of a mid-winter thaw. Bountiful proportions sat side by side with small, perky scraps of womanhood; laughing eyes looked through wise spectacles; faces lined with the care of great institutions were turned toward faces young and eager and fresh in the progress of the great life-work. Alternating with the splendid debates and papers of the meetings have been various hospitalities of which the visitors took hearty pleasure. On Wednesday the convention lunched at the Sick Children's Hospital, the guests of Mr. Ross Robertson, who also gave a dinner on Thursday to the ladies and many of the medical men of Toronto. McConkey had charge of these affairs. Mrs. Sweny gave an afternoon tea during the session. To those who had the pleasure of meeting the bright women of this convention it was one of the greatest privileges, and a gentle pride in the fact that the president, our own Miss Snively, was conspicuous in person and manner, as well as in clear and clever words and thoughts, moves many a breast when the hours of the conference are recalled. SATURDAY NIGHT gives the ladies, one and all, a hearty God-speed in their noble life-work.

Farewell to charming Mrs. Bain was whispered by many friends who assembled at the tea hour at Oak Lodge last Thursday. Her sweet face and presence will be much missed in Toronto. Sir George and Lady Burton were a very cordial host and hostess in their dear old home on Thursday.

The annual conversation of Whitty Ladies' College has been arranged for Friday, February 18. A special train will leave the Union Station at 6.30 p.m., and will return about midnight. Two orchestras have been engaged from the city for the evening. Mr. R. C. Hamilton, 59 Yonge street, has charge of railway tickets and will be pleased to give further information.

Sir Oliver Mowat and Miss Mowat entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening. I hear admiration expressed for the beautiful decoration of the hospitable board, which Dunlop crowned with a regular spring symphony of yellow. Daffodils, with long streamers of smilax, filled the four jardinières, while down either side of the table were vases of tulips and soft ferns.

Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney gives an At Home next Saturday afternoon, February 19.

Miss Olive Bassett, 58 Howland avenue, was given a surprise party last Monday night by about forty of her fellow-students and presented with a number of handsome gifts.

Klondike parties are being made up, and I hear of men, well known and otherwise, who are to join in the race for gold. Wreyford's shop was a sight last week, with all sorts of goods of the Nansen brand, with which Mr. Wreyford fitted out a party of sixteen.

Another Tuesday luncheon at McConkey's is to be given by Mrs. Muntzinger next week.

Mrs. Law had clever Miss Anglin as guest of honor on Tuesday afternoon for a small tea, and Mrs. Falconbridge gave a similar affair for the charming actress on Monday.

A dainty afternoon tea was given last Wednesday by Mrs. and the Misses Davison of University crescent in honor of their guest, Miss L. Docker of Dunnville.

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## Social and Personal.

Miss Mabel MacDonald, daughter of Mr. Randolph MacDonald of 3 Rusholme road, leaves this week for New York to pursue her musical studies. Miss MacDonald's rich, powerful voice has delighted many gatherings in Toronto already, and no doubt on her return she will prove a valuable acquisition to musical circles here.

On Thursday evening of last week the members of the Calumet Club attended the Princess Theater in a body, occupying the lower boxes and the front rows of chairs in the pit, after which they proceeded in private street cars to the club rooms in Yonge street, where Mr. Ralph Cummings, the actor, was entertained at late dinner. Mr. Will Ziller, president of the Calumets, occupied the chair and after the menu had been discussed proposed the health of the Queen. The toasts were as follows: Canada, responded to by Mr. John A. Cooper; The Militia, by Capt. Chadwick and Capt. Armstrong; Our Educational Institutions, by Mr. J. T. Clark; Our Guests, by Mr. Ralph Cummings; Mr. George Christie, Mr. Addison Pitt and Mr. Glazier. Vocal and instrumental music was contributed by Messrs. Bert Harvey, Oscar Wenbourne and George Smedley, while Mr. Clifford Williams cleverly recited a passage from Hamlet. During the evening Mr. Chris. B. Robinson was presented with the medal which is annually awarded to the member who makes the greatest mileage on his bicycle. Among those present were: Messrs. A. Lyman Massey, George Gale, John Y. Reid, Jr., Chris B. Robinson, John W. Kerr, Alfred Rogers, E. Wright, Vaux Chadwick, William Gale, F. Maulson, R. H. Ramsay, Clifford Williams, Percy Rogers, D. S. Story, Clarence Fletcher, John Strathy, Bert Kent, H. G. Willis, P. J. Edwards, P. M. Anderson, Chas. A. Good, John A. Gunn, Chas. Wisner, H. L. Hees, Chas. Bedlington, Sidney Hessin, Robert Eason, Chas. E. A. Goldman, A. Burton Holcroft, J. M. Fahey, Fred Dunnean, N. C. Rolph, Frank Moffatt.

The following ladies and gentlemen were entertained by Mr. Thomas G. Soole at his residence, Richmond street west, on Friday evening of last week: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Drummer, Miss Polly Stockwell, Mr. Addison Pitt, Mr. Glazier and Mr. Louis F. Felt of the Cummings Stock Company; Mrs. S. Campbell, Miss Dolly Burns, Miss Mamie Dawson, Misses Clara and Lillian Kleiser, Mr. Charles A. Campbell and Mr. Harry V. Woodhouse. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. W. S. Boyd of Major street gave a dinner on Friday afternoon last to Mr. Addison Pitt and Mr. Louis F. Felt of the Cummings Stock Company. Covers were laid for twelve.

The twentieth annual A. O. U. W. concert is announced for February 15 in Massey Music Hall.

Zetland At Home was for many a modish she the first intimation of the unsuspected glories of Temple Building, truly a beautiful and complete pile, and from entrance hall aglow with softly-tempered electric lights, carpeted with luxurious rose and crimson Brussels, and vocal with a magnificent orchestra led by the veteran musician D'Alessandro, to the lovely supper room, away up ever so many stories high, the effect was of a richness and beauty which surprised the happy guests. The *salon de danse*, perfectly proportioned and floored, was decorated with flags, both sides of the line being hung in harmony, for the society is of international interests. A very large crowd of guests responded to Zetland's invitation, and a jolly time they had, dancing to perfect music on a prime floor; flirting in the solemn precincts of the Blue Room, where boxes rumored to confine the Masonic "butter" were valorously opened by curious Pandoras, who grumbled at the non-existence of his goat-skin. So they sat airily in grand masters' chairs and made remarks about the dear old grand masters' portraits on the walls, and scouted the idea of Masonic secrets, and generally made themselves very much at home. And the blue and silver aproned Brother This or That who was on duty smiled indulgently on their frisks and pointed out the Baby Mason, only initiated a very few nights before, and the ladies stared curiously at the boyish fellow and asked whether he'd been badly scared, and how many degrees he'd gone up, and so on, after the irreverent fashion of the female sex. Supper was elegantly served amid flowers and on pretty be-ribboned tables by McConkey, and a most delicious *menu* done ample justice to by the large assembly, who were admitted to the supper-room in relays and served in sumptuous style. Mr. Bastedo, Mr. Angus, Mr. McCabe, Mr. E. T. Malone, Mr. Harry Taylor, Mr. Vigeon and many another "brother" were here, there and everywhere, the busy and kind cavaliers. Some of the gowns were exceedingly smart. Mrs. Dan Rose was as pretty as could be in a green and black frock. Mrs. James Carruthers wore a bright red satin, with bodice finely tucked and deep points of fine white lace *en revers* as a berth, the skirt very smart with tiny frills edged with lace. Mrs. Kappel was handsomely gowned in black, touched with heliotrope. Mrs. Pyne wore a pretty canary-colored frock; Mrs. John Fletcher, whose husband is one of our oldest Masons, wore a handsome black silk with lace, and a dainty cap of lace; her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Esten Fletcher, was pretty in a black silk and velvet evening frock; Mrs. J. Bayne Coulthard wore black with touches of rose and green. Many pretty girls and matrons were at Zetland dance, and old and young were in raptures over the lovely surroundings, the music, and the dainty supper, which was the crowning point of the evening's success.

Mrs. William Lount of Kemigarth was called to Homer, Michigan, on Monday by the serious illness of her brother, Mr. Hornbrook. Mrs. Dickinson, who has been on a visit to Mrs. Lount, returned home last Saturday.

A wrongly worded item last week sent Major and Mrs. Denison to Ottawa before the time contemplated. They will not leave Toronto until toward the end of this month.

Monday afternoon was a busy one on the

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Jackets, Coats, Children's Ulsters and Reefers. Walking Skirts, Silk Under-skirts, White Cambric Underwear, Flannelette Night Robes and Gowns, Opera Flannel Dressing Scaques, Organic Muslin Shirt Waists.

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In response to numerous applications we have decided to again extend the limit, and will receive applications for membership until the 1st of March.

As we carry constantly in stock a number of each of the latest and most popular works of fiction and can supply to subscribers any book in stock, the advantages of belonging to such a "reading club" are apparent. Applications should, however, be made at an early date.

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East Side, as a great many persons took advantage of the lovely afternoon to pay calls, and later rendered themselves at Maplecroft for Mrs. Alfred Gooderham's afternoon reception. Needless to say, the latter was a pleasant and numerous attended function, and that everyone very much enjoyed it, even those Monday hostesses who raced in at a late hour and found as bright and jolly a party to welcome them as if they had turned up an hour or so sooner. Mrs. Gooderham was assisted in receiving by her eldest



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daughter, while the other three, Mrs. Warden, Mrs. Cecil Lee and Miss Maggie, assisted by Miss Arthurs, Miss Mackay and Miss Munroe, were more than able substitutes for the sterner sex in attention to the very large party of ladies present. The table was done in pink with sashes of wide satin ribbon and unusually beautiful roses, and daintily set with tempting good things in the dining-room. Many of the guests, notably the brides of last autumn, and some visitors in town just now, were ravishing toilettes and looked very fine indeed. Mrs. Gooderham and her family circle, always elegantly and quietly gowned, were a quintette good to look at, heartily hospitable, and hostesses able and willing to make each guest feel she had a special welcome to Maplecroft.

A dance at Gleneddyth on Thursday of next week is a festivity looked forward to with anticipations of the liveliest interest.

The departure of Major and Mrs. Cartwright from Toronto will be much regretted. Perhaps, however, we may some day give them a third welcome back to Toronto. Major Cartwright's promotion has evoked many an expression of goodwill and congratulation, and everyone hopes his health, which has recently been so unsatisfactory, will soon be quite re-established.

Mrs. Holford Walker gives a tea next Saturday afternoon from half-past four to seven o'clock.

Mrs. Arthur Jarvis returned last week from a long visit to Mrs. Willie Hope (nee Jarvis) in Montreal, where she has been playing the role of adoring grandmamma to the sweetest of small "Hope"fuls.

The thaw which set in on Monday did up the ice at the Victoria Rink, so that the reunion of the Skating Club was rather a struggle to be jolly. However, quite a pleasant hour was had by a smart party on the outer rink, the mild night being most delightful. In one corner Mr. Bridgman Simpson, Mr. James Scott and others left wonderful marks of their cunning curves, forming roses and shamrocks on a nice little bit of ice; in another a graceful lady in a plum-cloth gown swung about in the "eight," while various intrepid spirits waltzed in and out of holes and bad spots, and sat down suddenly at intervals. In spite of the soft ice I heard several groans of regret when the band began their suggestive *piece de resistance*, Home, Sweet Home. Among those present were: Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mrs. C. Duff Scott, Misses Yarker, Drynan, Mitchell, Seton Thompson, Rowand, Muriel McDougall, Mabel Lee, Katie Stevenson, Law, Aileen Gooderham, Gyp Armstrong, Olive Drayton, Seymour, Wornum, Hills, Harmon Brown, Helen Armstrong, and Messrs. Vankoughnet, Ramsay, Wright, Small, Hodgins, Playter, Beardmore, George Kerr, Churchill Cockburn, Saydam, R. Saydam, Robotham, Law, McMillan, Gordon O'ler, Gennill Shaw, Dr. Meyers and Dr. George Peters.

Cards are out for the Grenadiers' Shrove Tuesday assembly, the last ante-Lenten frisk of a long-to-be-remembered season in Toronto society.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher are going to Buffalo to live.

Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald gave a pretty dinner to a party of young people on Friday last, at which the beautiful *Suisse*, Miss Young, was the guest of honor.

Many pretty compliments and recognitions of the advent of Mrs. B. B. Osler in society have been *en train* since the return of the bride and groom. On Thursday of last week Mrs. Osler was the guest of honor at a very pleasant tea given by Mrs. Alfred Hoskins at her home in Deer Park. Mrs. Hoskins and her mother, Mrs. Williamson, received, while the Misses Hoskins, Miss Shanklin and Miss Maule had charge of the tea-room, where a bright decoration of red carnations, whose spicy fragrance scented the air, and a generous provision of goodies crowned a festive board.

Saturday's meet of the Driving Club took place at the usual rendezvous at the guns in the Queen's Park, and the pretty cavalcade swept down Queen's avenue, *en route* for the Hunt Club for afternoon tea, shortly after three o'clock. A couple of four-in-hands and graceful tandems, with a smart following of double and single turn outs carried a merry party eastward and made the most of the last day of sleighing.

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# IAGO AND SIR JUSTIN

BY MRS. VERE CAMPBELL

Author of "Sofa Cushions," "For a Flower's Sake," &c., &c.

(Copyrighted, 1898, by Mrs. Vere Campbell.)

SIR JUSTIN STORMONT of Featherstone-Haugh married twice. His first choice was sufficiently romantic; his second fell upon his scullery-maid. The fantastic is often the tragical. In this vagary there was not a single comedy part; very possibly, however, though not intended, the scullery-maid was the most tragic. But such perversity as this Sir Justin showed is not novel; it runs rather on lines become classic from sheer antiquity of use.

Sir Justin Stormont may be said to have begun life twice. When he came first to marriageable age, his mother, long a widow, was still chataleine of Featherstone.

She was an ancient, withal a gay dame, with a hint of that recondite wickedness about her which is generally associated with high red heels, rouged lips, a conical head-gear and a dominant spirit. Her piquant audacities and her son's modernized frivolities held their own amiably together. The Haugh began to have a reputation. Sir Justin was a matrimonial prize, yet it became gossip that the bride he brought home would have to be a sacrificial one.

This notion, coming to Lady Stormont's ears, afforded her a theme for merriment to the day of her death. But this at last accomplished, the county drawing breaths of relief, began to think more kindly of her son, and gossip veered to speculation, more or less hopeful.

Nevertheless, after living five and thirty years, Sir Justin still managed to do the one thing unexpected. He married a Norwegian. Her hair was to her feet; her eyes were a strange sea-blue; she was pink and white and strangely silent, and if these were not the reasons for her husband's choice of her, others were not apparent.

This pseudo-romance, however, was the merest episode. A child was shortly born and died. The lady died. A marble tablet inscribed to their memory was set above the empty pew in Featherstone church, and this was left solitary to take up the tale from which Sir Justin, in person, faded completely. The Haugh stood untenanted for twenty years. Then the new epoch began and Sir Justin returned suddenly to set his home in order. And with this visit, Iago, who accompanied him, steps into the story. More of this gentleman presently.

Sir Justin, after twenty years, was a marvel to all in Featherstone who had seen him turn his back on it, no less a marvel to those who had heard talk of him. The baronet had gone away an elegantly dissipated, cold-mannered worldling; he returned at five and fifty with the enthusiasm of a poet, his heart and hopes high as a boy's.

These extraordinary conversions are almost invariably the work of a woman, very notably so in Sir Justin's case. Her name was Lydia Montrose, a girlish slender creature, with something of the fresh and yielding grace and fragrance of spring flowers in her look and gait. She seemed and was as bright as tender, as pure as beautiful.

Sir Justin met her through knowing Silas Winchelsea, the painter to whom Lydia was sitting for her portrait. The atmosphere of the studios was Lydia's world, her only sister and sole guardian being wife to the well known painter poet, Bertram Mar.

Sir Justin was enamored at a glance: with a word, a touch, the most ardent love romantically possessed him. Under the inspiration of it, the record of the careless years behind him, and the number of them, were discarded as effectually and as simply as the butterfly discards its chrysalis. The baronet began his wooing with the passion of a virgin heart. Lydia was stormed and won. True, Sir Justin was five and fifty, but he looked a dozen years less, and a very fine fellow at that. His home was lovely, his wealth great, his ardor irresistible.

Lydia began quickly to almost as ardently reciprocate it, and the wedding would have been within a month of their first meeting if Lydia's mourning for her mother had not come between.

For here, Mrs. Bertram Mar was firm. She had been devoted to her mother, had passionately mourned her death. She would hear of no marriage till at least the first anniversary of the event was over, and Lydia could do no other than uphold her.

This was July, and there could be no wedding till October. Sir Justin was fain to submit, but to his lover's soul there came a happy thought whereby to cheat delay and keep his dear beside him, almost as if she were already quite his own.

The Haugh was unshuttered, every room in it reopened to the sunlight, and made fresh and fair; then sending for a cousin, a Contessa by marriage, a widow of the very highest standing, Sir Justin established her in the Dower House, a white castellated building a couple of miles from The Haugh itself, and arranged with her for the issue of a few invitations for the summer; notably to Mrs. Bertram Mar, and her sister, Lydia Montrose.

Sir Justin himself, with a few equally selected friends, proposed to occupy The Haugh.

Mrs. Mar smiled a little over the scheme, but she had no objections to make; it had been thought out too punctiliously. And so the scene for the impending play was set, and the unconscious actors took their places. A few lovely ladies at the Dower House, Lydia Montrose their queen, and at The Haugh half a dozen fine men coming and going around Sir Justin, who held his own among them easily. But at Sir Justin's elbow, a fixture, whoever came, whoever went, was Iago. This gentleman's name was the same as Sir Justin's, Stormont—Rufus Stormont. Falling direct issue, he was Sir Justin's heir. Thoughts of the entail, however, had nothing to do with Stormont's villainy; it went to subtler depths than that.

No villainy is objectless, but Stormont's was

of that worst kind, which has no material aim before it, but springs full grown and independent from sheer egoism: unadulterated pride of self.

Stormont dabbled in painting, and it was in Winchelsea's studio where Sir Justin first heard of Lydia, that the cousins had renewed a long lapsed acquaintance. They seemed to hit it off together very well, and at the baronet's express wish, Stormont made his sole companion when, after twenty years, Sir Justin, a new man, slipped quietly into his own home again to prepare for his guests and plan for his bride.

Almost on his first rounds, the change in himself amazed to find so little change in his possessions, Sir Justin, Stormont with him, paid a visit to the church and came to an inevitable pause in front of the marble tablet inscribed: "To the memory of Frederika, my beloved wife; to the memory of John, our beloved child"—twenty years ago.

And yet, what is twenty years? As Sir Justin stared at the words, it came home to him that time is a very human measurement. It might equally have been yesterday, or never, that this woman and this child had lived.

Sir Justin could recall their image as if from yesterday; he could equally persuade himself that if they did ever live they had not lived for him; that he had never known them. He was impelled to say as much to Stormont, standing silently beside him.

"No words would be extravagant," said Sir Justin, "in expressing the change in me. I am now as a god to a mortal compared with what I was then," and he pointed to the gilded date upon the stone. "I remember those two as if they were people in another man's story. Yet I feel for them now more tenderness, I think, than I did then. I have attained to another circle of being. Well can I remember things I would not, could not, say or do now, yet my content is such, my assurance of good so complete, that I cannot be touched, it seems, by even compunction or regret. That was not I," and he looked thoughtfully towards the tablet. "I begin from now."

Now, as it so happened, this was the sort of talk at which Stormont never laughed, but to which he always listened, strangely enough with a strong impulse of dislike towards the speaker. Rufus Stormont was animated by a very curious vanity.

He held himself to be a peculiarly gifted person, with brains and insight greatly above the common: a man typical of the broadest and widest enlightenment. Moreover, side by side with this mental pride, went an unpleasant, though well-concealed amount of purely personal conceit.

From the first, it had piqued him that at his age the baronet should be as comely a man as he, more than fifteen years the younger. Not that Stormont was his cousin's rival. He had known Lydia Montrose half her life, but she had not grown into a woman to appeal to him. Sir Justin was welcome. But Sir Justin was not welcome to this sudden claim of exaggerated, mental outlook. Stormont considered it his prerogative to have a wider circle of being and to see further into things than any man he knew. Who was Sir Justin, to arrogate to himself such grandiloquence of soul? Stormont was sensible of a first spasm of actual active malevolence as he glanced into Sir Justin's handsome face, that bore his words out very finely.

His first impulse was a spiteful remark, pointed by the tablet, about the dead wife and child; but that he checked with added disgust towards Sir Justin for having been its inspiration, for Rufus Stormont prided himself greatly on those fine manners which never show a scratch. What he did say as they finally turned away was something as graceful as agreeable; but the cue was given.

From that moment, Rufus dwelt with growing annoyance on the presumption of such a fellow as Sir Justin, after a free and pleasure-loving life, arguing to himself any special destiny. "The fool!" thought Stormont, scornfully, and there crept into his mind the notion to let Sir Justin see he was a fool; to prove it to him. No man should make cocksure of any special destiny while he, Stormont, was about to undecieve him; least of all under his, Stormont's, nose should they claim to be specially favored where a woman was concerned. Stormont had no particular opinions concerning women generally one way or another, but in his soul he was firmly of the conviction that no woman had existed yet whom he could not bend to serve his purpose.

His purpose in the present instance was decided on from the evening of the first dinner party at The Haugh. At table, Stormont sat by Lydia's side. There were only eight guests. Lydia, in white and lavender, appeared to Sir Justin something sacred, almost unearthly; to Rufus, a prudish young woman on whom some fine points were wasted, and who evidently, from the way she held her chin, spite of their acquaintanceship, did not feel drawn to him.

That settled it. Glancing from the girl to Sir Justin, Stormont, sneering inwardly at the infatuation he beheld on both their faces, hit upon the part he would play between them. A moment's half-humorous reflection was enough to indicate to him its lines. He had simply to act upon what had been already laid down by a master hand, namely, that jealousy does not know one thing from another, and that implicit faith stands so perilously high that if it stoop at all, it stoops to fall.

"And fall it shall," was Stormont's easy decision. He would prove to his soul-exalted cousin that his was no special experience, but merely that of the very ordinary fool's paradise, which he ought to have passed through and forgotten a quarter of a century before.

During the dinner, Rufus was very quiet. Once or twice he spoke in so low a tone that Lydia had to bend her head to hear it. Sir Justin was bound to notice her perfect throat, bound to notice the lovely curve with which it

bent away from him. Oh, trifle, lighter than air!

This was the beginning—so rose the curtain. In a few days' time Stormont had identified himself with his villain's part; he had not an act, scarcely a thought away from it. He would pull Sir Justin down from his beatitudes! Egoism his motive, egoism was his object; the desire of a keen, well-equipped mind and brain to prove its own soulless cynicism once more the standard of the universe.

But after a day or two Stormont began to be oblivious of aim, results, everything save his own consummate performance. He was developing an "Iago," so stealthy, so clever and so successful that he was consumed with self-admiration. He would have liked to claim open applause for his skill. Indeed, so skilful was he, that his vanity alone betrayed his share in the catastrophe he brought about eventually. He had to boast to someone, and so, through his own cackle, Rufus Stormont's name came to stand in Featherstone as synonymous with infamy.

But at the time itself there was no one astute enough to set Sir Justin's madness down to him. Stormont was conscienceless, and this sort of an evil-doer differentiates himself from every other by the protection of delicate manners, good humor and ready wit.

Stormont's truly villainous game was played in as truly masterly a fashion; it bedeviled them all, though woman-like afterwards, when the wild mischief was done, Mrs. Mar declared she had foreseen it. She had foreseen trouble, she said, from the moment when Sir Justin, coming up suddenly across the lawn to the Dower House windows, had found Lydia there reclining, singing in the moonlight like a siren, Stormont softly picking an accompaniment from the zither on his knee. "Sir Justin had a queer look and I spoke to Lydia about it," said Mrs. Mar.

So she had, but the girl was too innocent and too much in love to heed facts Stormont accurately relied on—and moreover, all Mrs. Mar did say was to the effect that Sir Justin did not care for "studio" ways.

But it is not to be marveled at that Stormont's devilry escaped them; it is not to be recounted within the compass of such a tale as this. Accurate narration of the details accompanying Sir Justin's second marriage would fill a volume, and then justice would not be done to the amazing skill with which this villain Stormont undermined his cousin's judgment, nor to the throes through which Sir Justin passed before he was brought to commit an act which drove him into exile broke poor Lydia's heart, and made the county ring. And this is saying nothing of the ill-fated girl—poor Mary Fossy, scullery-maid—Sir Justin's second wife.

July and August passed in seeming accord. September had well begun before the poison took final hold of Sir Justin's brain; but then it turned him literally mad, with a wholesale jealousy worse than if directed at a wife, for open attack, squarely met, would have ended in open cure. But Stormont had struck deeper; not at the thing believed in so much as at belief itself. His method was to generalize; or, to speak of it in metaphor, he first poisoned all the springs, then cried out to his victim: "Come, now, show me this pure water specially reserved for you."

When all was over, and something of the truth guessed at, Sir Justin was held up as an almost incredible fool, but it was rather Stormont's wicked skill that passed belief. By slow and fiendish cunning, he dragged his cousin down from his beatitudes, indeed, into a world of universal doubt—the purgatory of the jealous.

Strange that it should be so, that Lydia, there upon the spot, in all her beauty and ardor, should not have been sufficient safeguard. But the strangeness of a fact does not obviate it—it was so! Lydia Montrose herself, looking back in days to come, could see how even she unwittingly had caught the infection of Sir Justin's silent malady, and in a hundred ways, all trifles light as air, had played into Rufus Stormont's hands.

It was never definitely understood what brought Sir Justin's madness to its consummation. Lydia could in no wise explain it. Stormont himself was surprised. But something occurred, some chance as purely beyond calculation as the losing of Desdemona's handkerchief in that other Iago's story.

Lydia remembered afterwards that, on the evening of the fatal event, she had strolled alone in the moonlight through the great patch of bracken near the Dower House; the peacefulness and glittering silence of the scene oppressed her, and some sense of nervous strain, some nameless disillusion, made her sad; her summer's wooing and her gallant lover were somehow not quite all she had expected. And so she wept a little and threw out her arms with girlish gestures of weariness or petulance. It is probable Sir Justin saw her, and the glamor of the moonlight working with the fever of his brain, believed she was waiting there for Stormont, or some other, and meanwhile bemoaning her position towards him. When Lydia returned to the Dower House she found Sir Justin had been there enquiring for her, but nothing would detain him, and none of his guests saw him again that night. At ten o'clock his valet found him in the library in answer to a sharp summons on the bell.

"Beg Miss Edwards" (the housekeeper), "to come here at once with the scullery-maid," said Sir Justin, glancing up from his desk. The valet was well trained, but he hesitated, simply doubting his hearing. Sir Justin flew into a passion.

"Miss Edwards and the scullery-maid—the kitchen wench, the drudge. Don't let me have to repeat it or by the—"

The Cinderella of the household was in bed, but so urgent did the man make his message that not very many minutes elapsed before Mary Fossy found herself confronting the baronet for the first time in her life; beside her was Miss Edwards, fluttering with surprise and agitation. There was only one conclusion to be drawn, viz., that Sir Justin had detected the girl in some flagrant misdemeanor, and the housekeeper's sharp remarks had already reduced the poor girl to a shivering, barely conscious state of fear.

"This is the scullery-maid, Sir Justin. Am I right in understanding you wished to see her?" began Miss Edwards a little loftily.

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But the baronet, without speaking, waved them to a seat. Presently he raised his eyes and scanned Mary Fossy over, composedly, from head to foot. Mary, every inch a servant, shook visibly under Sir Justin's scrutiny. It seemed as if her awkward pose at the extreme edge of the chair would not sustain her; her coarse red hands twitched pitifully at her apron corners. But Sir Justin was mad—simply possessed; and even if vague compunction stirred him at the sight of such distress, it had no power to stay him.

"Do not be frightened," he said. "I happen to have a berth at my disposal better than the one you are occupying; I wish to fill it with a young woman of your description; I am leaving for London in an hour or two and the matter must be settled first; that is why I disturbed you so late. You have no objection to advancing in the world? No. Just so. Then kindly oblige me by answering a few questions."

Miss Edwards sat in an astonishment that almost bereft her of her wits, and she was much blamed afterwards for not reporting at once what had occurred to the Contessa at the Dower House, Sir Justin's cousin. But the housekeeper, driven to bay, defended herself stoutly. Not a living soul but would have thought Sir Justin knew what he was about: she believed he did, and it was her place to do as she was told; a fact the ladies who now complained of her would have been the first to remind her of, if she had gone cackling to them of a matter that her master seemed so very well able to manage for himself.

And indeed Miss Edwards, active or passive, was only a very small link in the chain. The thing was to be. The first interview with his future wife lasted a bare ten minutes. Sir Justin asked certain formal questions, and noted the girl's monosyllabic replies in writing, to which she signed her name.

Her age was eighteen; her father was Jonathan Fossy, laborer; the family had lived from one generation to another in the shadow of the Featherstone elms. With this and a little more of the like, the scene was over. Mary crept back to her bed that night, her heart heavy to bursting with the thought of the change her master was preparing for her.

The next day Sir Justin spent in London. And on this day, strangely enough as it seemed to her when the time came that she could bear to reflect on what did happen these few days, Lydia Montrose saw Mary Fossy.

As the afternoon began to wane, Lydia found herself, after wandering abstractedly through the beautiful gardens of The Haugh, in a part of the shrubbery she was not familiar with, and a sudden turn at the end of a long path revealed a completely unknown region. Beyond a stout privet hedge was the great cobbled yard of The Haugh, flanked by long rows of kennels, tall dove-cotes, and white-washed coops.

All was very quiet. At one end, by the open door of a sunny outhouse, sat a young wench in a lilac gown and stout apron, a flat cap on her head, peeling potatoes into a red pannikin beside her. Pigeons fluttered about her feet and shoulders, and a sleepy hound lay near, blinking at the girl with sympathetic eyes.

It was an agreeable picture, and Lydia thrilled a little to think how soon she would be mistress here. But why should that girl, even if a scullery-maid, wear such an unbecoming cap? Lydia thought she would alter that, and was turning amusedly away when a strangled sound of distress made her turn again. The girl was crying; her sobs came thick and fast, and now Lydia could perceive her eyes were red and swollen, as if her tears had already been many.

Miss Montrose was stirred to pity, but there was really nothing she could do. Had there been an opening in the hedge, she would have crossed the yard perhaps and attempted consolation. As it was, she told herself she would

remember to ask about the girl when Sir Justin brought her as Lady Stormont to keep Christmas here! In the first heartbreak of it afterwards Lydia could barely recall this incident without its costing her her senses.

Sir Justin did not tarry long in town. That same day he returned to the Haugh in time to meet his amalgamated guests at dinner. And now, at last, everyone was agreed that Sir Justin's manner was unusual. He bowed over Lydia's hand with a courtliness which made her sister stare a little, and Lydia herself to lift her head, chilled and a trifle haughty. The dinner went off heavily, the baronet gloomy and pre-occupied, the guests oppressed, Rufus Stormont inclined to laugh. "The fool," he

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thought, "he's doing it as badly as a beardless boy." He felt a strong desire to rise and tell them all what was the matter with their host, a mere puppet in his hands.

But Stormont himself was to be surprised. Like so many villains before him, he could rouse a passion with a master-hand, but once roused, it and its doings were beyond him or his calculations.

When the men were alone, Sir Justin roused himself. He joked and laughed loud and often, his hand went often to the bottle, and in between, his fingers slipped into his waistcoat pocket as if to satisfy himself of the safety of something precious that, hidden there, was giving him monstrous secret satisfaction.

That same evening, by special license, Sir Justin was married in his library to Mary Fossy, his scullery-maid. With him, from London, he had brought both priest and lawyer, as only strangers could be made to abet so wild an act of folly.

As for the poor serving wench, there was no one to bid him consider her. The father, an hour before, had been stultified into a written consent, the girl's had nominally been already gained. Miss Edwards, almost deprived of her senses, found the ceremony over before she realized that she was not witnessing an unseemly farce. Mary, herself, so the house-keeper related afterwards, had no sooner repeated the binding words under Sir Justin's terrifying gaze, than she swooned, rough country wench that she was, and listened to the hurried officiator's final exordium, pale as a lily, breathless, with closed eyes, and head against Miss Edwards' unwilling shoulder.

When all was over Sir Justin drew the house-keeper aside. "Say nothing of this till I myself make it public news to-morrow," he said. "I shall not forget your attention. Keep Lady Stormont, please, exclusively in your care."

Whatever Miss Edwards might have had to say, it was checked effectually by Sir Justin's manner. Once outside the library door, the miserable bride clinging to her arm, the house-keeper burst into a flood of tears. Mary seemed too stunned to weep or speak, and sat far into the night with chalk-colored cheeks and wide eyes, staring unseeing before her, starting at every sound.

The following day was one to be remembered in Featherstone. It was gloriously fine, as the whole month had been, unusually warm, the sun shining through a soft, yellow haze.

Sir Justin showed at breakfast as usual. By his special request and the intimation that he had something else to offer them, the shooting had been for once abandoned, and by luncheon-time everyone was present—the ladies from the Dover House in full force, all the men staying at the Haugh. Lydia, seated at Sir Justin's right, wondered sadly at the change in him. He could not be well. He avoided her glance and devoted himself to Stormont, as usual now, upon his left.

In one way Stormont was a cleverer rascal than his model. He had worked upon Sir Justin relentlessly, unceasingly, consummately till Lydia's lightest actions, sifted through an ecstatic lover's reaction of jealous madness, appeared like scarlet sins. And yet Sir Justin did not suspect in him an enemy. His impression rather was that his cousin in loyalty to him resisted Lydia's fascinations and strove to keep her up to the maintenance of those high ideals her lover had conceived of her! Oh, villain! villain!

Luncheon over, Sir Justin allowed his guests to rise from their chairs, but stayed them then with an uplifted hand and a sharp clang upon the hand-bell. The door unclosed, as at a signal a wavering figure crossed the threshold. Sir Justin, smiling strangely, advanced to meet it. The silence was awful; one might have heard a pin drop. Tragedy is its own forerunner. Every face was turned towards the door, every breath was held. Then she who had been Mary Fossy let Sir Justin draw her hand within his arm, and let him lead her in that breathless silence to the center of the room.

"My friends," he said, "let me prepare you for something of a surprise. I have taken this opportunity of your being all together to present to you my wife." He repeated the words, drawing the girl's hand still further forward on his arm: "My wife, Lady Stormont."

And still there was no sound, though Rufus almost leapt in his astonishment. No one looked at Lydia. Enchantment seemed to hold the group about the table. All eyes were fixed upon Sir Justin and the girl.

Miss Edwards, in sheer womanly pity, though she was accused afterwards of having had an eye to her own interests throughout, had done her best for the unfortunate victim of Sir Justin's freak. A plain gown of gray silk, long and full, draped the angular, undeveloped figure, and plenty of good lace was ruffled about her throat and carefully-gloved hands, and a Quakerish little bonnet was tied prettily beneath her chin. Nothing could save her, nothing make her look other than she was, but afterwards when the truth of the ordeal she had undergone was fully realized, even Lydia herself acknowledged she had borne it remarkably well. Snow-white, blood-red by turns, only held in her place by Sir Justin's support, she stood it out and contrived to make no scene. In days to come, when the madness and the fever had left his blood, her husband remembered and appreciated it.

Now, it is not to be supposed he gave her as herself a thought. In the still, unbroken silence he turned and led her to the door. "Our guests will excuse you to-day, Lady Stormont," he said. He lifted her hand from his arm, and kissed it before them all. "And I have a few words still to say to you that need not stop to listen to." Then he bowed her out, and shutting the door sharply, faced around upon the little crowd, picked out Lydia Montrose with his eyes at once, and went slowly up to where she stood.

What he said was no great matter, for the worst was done, but if Bertram Mar could have had his way, or for that matter, Sir Justin, it would have meant a duel; but the women interfered.

"He is drunk," cried Lydia's sister. "He is mad!" said Lydia herself, white and trembling, and insisting on it, she thrust everyone else aside, and laying her hands on Sir Justin's shoulders, for she was tall as he, looked steadily into his eyes.

"You are mad!" she said. "I false to you! What has tricked you? Come to your senses!"

And as they stood thus close together, Sir Justin and Lydia, staring at each other, all the rest speechless again, standing back, the truth of it came to them both; to her that she spoke too late, and to him that he had been possessed. She gazing on his working face read there that he was married, lost to her, undone; married to the servant girl whom yesterday she had been sorry for, as she wept among her pans!

With a loud cry of horror, the unhappy Lydia fell back into her sister's hold, and Sir Justin, recalling, as with the pang of death itself, those heights of joy from which he had been lured, looked around him with an instinct of vague vengeance. His glance alighted on Stormont. Words came hurrying from his lips; he lurched as if at Stormont's throat.

"Help me to get him to his room," cried Rufus; and it flashed through his quick villain's mind, as they upheld the staggering man between them, that the kitchen wench would be bride and widow in a day; and that if Lydia chose to set aside her pruderies he, Rufus, might find it in his heart to make her Lady Stormont after all.

But this was not to be the way of it. Sir Justin did not die, had neither stroke nor seizure, and his second marriage with his scullery-maid was not annulled. That is, if it could have been—no one on either side attempted it. Lydia for long cherished a resentment tinged with such horror that she could not bear to hear Sir Justin's name; and Sir Justin himself, when he came to, calmly confronting his own madness, at last found it had changed him from the gallant, who had once wooed and won a young, fair girl, to an old man fit only for his study chair. There was nothing to be done.

And Stormont? The legend has it that he and Sir Justin met years afterwards when, by his own telling, something of Stormont's subtle wickedness was known, and Rufus left the encounter marked across the mouth for life.

And such is the story told in Featherstone of fago and Sir Justin. It was a sad affair, and being an "owre true tale," refuses to twist itself to point any moral.

In due time Lydia Montrose married. She and Sir Justin never met again. As time went on, Rufus Stormont, branded or not, showed his face but little in England, and news of his sudden death at Florence reached Featherstone, while Sir Justin was still alive and well. Before his own death came it is said Sir Justin sorely repented him towards Mary, his wife, whose young life he had turned so violently from its native channels. For years they were as strangers.

Sir Justin domiciled abroad, then a sudden illness conspired to the baronet's bedside a gentle-mannered low-voiced woman, with a soft touch and sorrow-softened features, who called herself his wife, Lady Stormont. She nursed him back to health, and before his long convalescence was ended, Sir Justin had begged her pardon with humility and shame. They returned to The Haugh together, and lived there in a tender quiet till Sir Justin's death.

A year after Lady Stormont died. In her coffin, her white hands folded, her soft hair bleached about the temples, her features set in the dignity of settled well-borne wrong, Mary looked as fine a lady as any that had ever been mistress at The Haugh.

It is tenanted again. Sir Justin left no children, the entail was broken, its links lost, and The Haugh sleeps among the elms and bracken waiting for an owner. The moss creeps over the stone-work and veils the paths; giant hemlocks grow rank beside the great gates. The village folk scurry as they pass them and see in the twilight the great elms toss their branches and hear them sigh in the autumn wind.

"Someone walks there o' nights," the folks say, but whether it is Mary, Sir Justin, or fago, no one is brave enough to discover.

[THE END.]

Next Week—A SENSE OF HUMOR. By W. PETT RIDGE.

Mr. Nansen of the North Pole.

The newspapers are remarking that in view of his large amount of free advertising it is strange that Nansen has not been drawing large houses during his recent lecture tour in this country. This is very true. Nansen is a type of the modern showman, says the *Argonaut*, and has boomed himself, his book, and his North Pole expedition most assiduously. He knew so well the value of his utterances that he refused on his return to be interviewed by the correspondent of a yellow New York newspaper, stating very frankly that he considered interviews with him worth about three thousand dollars apiece. Fakir versus fakir—the correspondent, injured in his tenderest sensibilities, immediately wrote a fake interview, and cabled it to his yellow newspaper, which published it with scare-heads. Thus by one fakir was another undone. But we do not consider it strange that Nansen has not drawn large houses during his lecture tour. The reason is not hard to find. We think that the people are getting tired of Arctic explorers, and are looking upon the North Pole as a gigantic bore.

The "Holy Laughers."  
New York Tribune.

A traveling Georgia evangelist is engaged in the conversion of sinners to a new faith, the outward manifestation of which is laughter. His devotees are called the Holy Laughers.

How a Woman Made Money in 1897.

Having read numerous accounts of persons making money easily, prompts me to give my experience. During the past few years I have tried selling various specialties, dish washers being included, but usually met with failure until I tried the Imperial Dish Washer. Since taking up this work I have made from \$100 to \$150 per month, and only worked part of the time. It requires little or no ability to sell the Imperial Dish Washer, as it is only necessary to show it in operation to make sales. When the housekeeper once sees it wash, dry and polish the dishes in three minutes without the operator wetting her hands, it requires little or no argument to make a sale. If any of your readers desire a profitable and genteel employment I would strongly recommend the business of selling these dish washers. Ladies can do the work as well as men. No experience is necessary.

You can secure full particulars and get a start in the business by writing to the Imperial Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Missouri. "F. M."

## A Minister's Story.

Rev. F. Elliott of Richmond Hill Relates a Happy Incident.

Held Bedfast by Kidney Trouble—He Could Not Turn Himself—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him—"A Good, Honest, Reliable Medicine."

RICHMOND HILL, February 7.—Rev. F. Elliott, a popular and prominent clergyman of this place, has written the story of his sufferings and recovery from Kidney disease. The sketch is of deep interest to thousands of Canadians. Rev. Mr. Elliott says he feels it his duty to tell of the medicine that cured him—Dodd's Kidney Pills. Only "good-will to men" could induce him to allow his name to be published in this connection. The testimonial is entirely unsolicited.

"I suffered so severely from Lame Back that I could not turn nor get out of bed. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my pains and lameness soon disappeared. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a good, honest, reliable medicine for the diseases they are recommended for."

These are Mr. Elliott's own words, and such is the result every time Dodd's Kidney Pills are used. Any person who suffers from Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any other Kidney Trouble, after having the assurance of such a worthy and eminent clergyman as Rev. Mr. Elliott, deserves no pity. The cure is within easy reach, and if they refuse to stretch out a hand to grasp it, no one can be blamed but themselves.

Dodd's Kidney Pills positively and permanently cure Lumbago, Dropsy, Paralysis, Heart Disease, Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone in Bladder, Female Weakness, all urinary disorders, Neuralgia, Lame Back, and all other Kidney Diseases. They are the only remedy on earth that has ever cured Bright's Disease and Diabetes. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Reason.  
Pick-Me-Up.

"Gamut does not approve of the New Womanhood; yet he encourages his wife to go cycling."

"How is that?"

"Well you see, I would rather my wife went out on her bicycle than stay at home, and—the only other alternative—play the piano."

"Ah! you are not a musician, then?"

"On the contrary—I am."

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Hax—I see a new town in North Dakota is called Leisure. Jax—What's the idea of that? Hax—The town is making a bid for the patronage of the people who marry in haste.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Literary Editor—What a vivid account is given in Quo Vadis of the burning of Rome! Fire Editor—Yes, but it's incomplete; there isn't a word about the loss to the insurance companies.—*Chicago Tribune*.

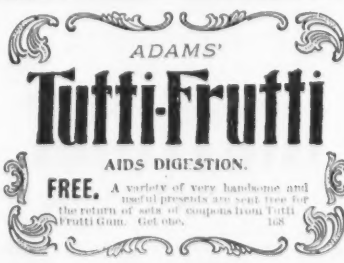
Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

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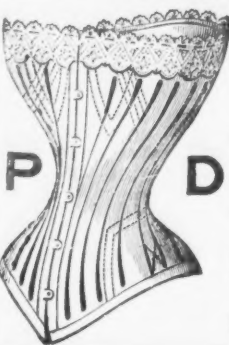


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The Human Equation.

In the opinion of the London *Lancet* (an admitted authority), the chief gain to medicine during the reign of Victoria has not been so much in the actual treatment of disease as in its prevention. The Victorian era has been characterized by the rise and development of sanitary science, the aim of which is to promote the public health by securing cleanliness of air, water, food and drink; the construction of dwellings on hygienic principles, the avoidance of over-crowding, the control of unhealthy occupations, the better management of factories, and so on.

No doubt sanitation and hygiene deserve the high estimate set upon them. They are able largely or wholly to prevent epidemics of contagious or infectious diseases, for which the community has every reason to be thankful; but even if it were possible to enforce the general observance of the laws of health to an extent far beyond the limit likely to be attained, there would still remain the vital element of the human equation to deal with, and no system or aggregation of principles has ever been able to do much with that. After all we can say or do, every man must fight the battle of life for himself, and meet death for himself; and that, too, under conditions different from those peculiar to any and all others.

Buddha, founder of the religion which bears his name, and one of the profoundest thinkers that ever lived, says it is vain to hope to overcome grief and sorrow until men overcome the sense of personality in which sorrow takes its rise.

Exactly. And personality will continue to defy all wholesale ways of helping or hindering to time's end. Why, look at the point for yourself. The fact is, that in the very face and eyes of these protective and salutary contrivances, people fall ill precisely as they did a hundred years ago, and cry out for a cure—precisely as they did then. Out of the great grist ground in Life's Mill the angel of death takes the same "toll" as he did when sanitation and hygiene were words unknown to the English language. So the Victorian era closes with the people using more medicine per capita than when it began; remedies imperatively needed and often successful. As, for example, in the case of Mr. Henry Gunning, who says:

"In the spring of 1892 my health began to give way. I felt languid and weak and had no energy. I had no appetite, and after eating experienced great pain around the chest and a gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach. At night I was in such pain I got no proper sleep or rest. Cold, clammy sweats used to break over me, exhausting my strength. I became extremely weak, and although I kept at my work it was with difficulty."

"I grew weaker and felt that I was going down the hill. I took medicines prescribed by a doctor, but they did not suit my ailment."

"In this distressful condition I continued up to March of last year (1896) when my brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured a supply from Mr. Hughes, chemist, of this place, and on taking it a short time I began to improve. My appetite returned and food caused me no pain. Continuing, I grew stronger daily. When I had taken six bottles I was completely cured, and have since enjoyed good health. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in the grave. You may publish this as you like. (Signed) Henry Gunning, Broomfield Yard, Mold, North Wales, June 15th, 1897."

This man suffered from chronic indigestion, the most common and (considering its consequences) the most dangerous of diseases; not

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preventable or curable by any sanitary or hygienic arrangements. Let us by all means favor the adoption of these latter, on general principles, but when attacked by dyspepsia, follow Mr. Gunning's example, and use the medicine that cured him.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?" "You bet I wouldn't." "I can't understand how you can have any faith in such a silly superstition." "No superstition about it—Saturday's pay-day."—*Chicago Journal*.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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**E.** H. SOTHERN can always draw the very best people in Toronto to the theater during his visits. On Monday night there was an excellent house to witness the presentation of Anthony Hope's new play, *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*. The scene of the play is laid in 1720 in and near London, and its theme is of just such a kind as Anthony Hope can write of and Sothern can present on the stage. A mad-cap girl, young Lady Ursula Barrington, on visiting an aunt in the country, learns that a neighbor, Sir George Sylvester, is a recluse because of having killed a friend in a duel two years ago. Sir George had vowed never to allow a woman to enter his house, and never to fight another duel, although one of the greatest duelists of his day. Ursula makes a wager that she will gain admission to the home of the hermit, and taking a man-servant with her, professes to faint on the road and is carried to Sir George's door, where the servant asks permission for her to enter until her strength is restored. There is a blank refusal. On the request being repeated, Sir George sends out word to carry the lady to the porter's lodge. Just here Lady Ursula's brother, Lord Hossenden, rides along and the servant tells him of the discourtesy shown his sister—and there is to be a duel. To avert bloodshed, Lady Ursula, dressed in male attire, calls on Sir George, professing to be Walter Barrington (her younger brother, who is in France), and succeeds in having the duel cancelled, but Sir George insists on driving to London with the supposed Mr. Barrington to see Lord Hossenden, but she eludes him and nearly gets into a duel at the barracks in London. When Sir George arrives he, too, resents the affront that had been put on him, and the disguised Lady Ursula consents to a duel and demands pistols, across a table, only one being loaded. Sir George, just before the signal to fire is given, refuses to fight, for he has got a clue to the mysterious conduct of his young opponent. There is a most astonishing tangle to be straightened out eventually, but in the end Sir George breaks his vow of hatred for women and is affianced to Lady Ursula. It is a romantic drama, simple and dainty. It has wit, and good action, and delicacy of handling, and shows us again the stilted refinements of the first quarter of the last century. It has no lesson to convey, but like a fine painting it is pleasing and beneficial. *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* is not so stirring as *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but although it has fewer thrills it may survive the other because of its dainty grace. Virginia Harned as Lady Ursula was very pleasing and won the affections of all, while, of course, Mr. Sothern, who stands in almost surprising favor with Toronto people, was his best self. The Grand has not had better audiences this season than during this engagement.

It would have been much appreciated in Toronto if Virginia Harned had made way for Margaret Anglin in one performance of *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*. We are naturally interested in Miss Anglin, and have heard that she plays my Lady Ursula very well in emergencies. It would have been a fine stroke of business to have scored off Lord Chumley on Wednesday evening and repeated *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* with the Toronto girl in the leading role.

Tons of paper and gallons of ink are annually devoted to—I nearly said wasted in—the portrayal of the imaginary woes of semi-deified heroes and hysterical heroines who are a woefully insufficient excuse for the oceans of sympathy that are lavished upon them. They are always young, always sentimental, always wrong-headed and always in trouble, and they plot their tear-bespangled road in weariness and grief under plumage of heavy cypress to the last chapter, when a hilarious flourish of orange blossoms furnishes an orthodox finale. The high-born young lady, who chooses to play at the serious side of life and become a governess, before consenting to marry the eligible parti, who has been waiting for her for years; the insipid hero with "views" who rejects lucrative paternal offers to devote himself to the Church, finally marrying the beautiful heiress, who has been saying "yes" under her breath for twenty-six chapters—heroines of modern revivals of the matrimonial escapades of King Cophetua—are all merely variations in detail, not in original conception. In such masterpieces originality, as such, is non-existent unless imported, for free trade in ideas has fearfully discouraged home manufacture; so that with a decent memory, not too vivid an imagination, the

brains of a copyist and the intellect of a machine, and some little acquaintance with the rules of grammar and the construction of phrases, the foundations of a reputation for authorship are already laid.

Which reminds one—though there is no earthly reason why it should—that lovers, both literary and dramatic, are usually curiosities. Their happy secret is apparent to one of them and the rest of the universe throughout all the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose episodes that are artfully introduced to create the impression that there is some doubt as to whether the other one will ever find it out. They never both know till the last act; when they do, the sensation is over and public interest collapses like a pricked balloon. Usually the male idiot is preferred, and he is allowed to stumble on in sublime but absurd ignorance of the fact that for his dear sake a silent victim is being daily offered on the altar of a sweet secret sadness. This is awful nonsense, as untrue as it is absurd. Any young man with brains enough to see through a hole in a ladder knows who his lady acquaintances like him and who do not; he knows in what quarters he will be accepted and where he will be refused, and with this knowledge there is nothing strange in the assertion that he rarely is refused. There are more broken hearts in fiction than in fact, and there is no suggestion of anything unmaidenly in the statement that the up-to-date girl is exceedingly rare who cannot sensibly, honestly, fearlessly, yet with all the reserve that stimulates affection and gives to conquest its chief charm, afford assistance, if indeed any be necessary, to the one of whom she is oftenest thinking.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,  
No other is soft in the rhythm;  
Unless you can feel, when left to one,  
That all men beside go with him: (breath)  
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his  
That your beauty itself wants proving;  
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—  
Oh, fear to call it loving.

What a nice place to live Tennessee would be if it wasn't for the character of the natives. You have your mansion, with its wide, cool veranda, and its Tennessee mountains in the backyard, cool and wholesome, a splendid trap for summer boarders. In the evening you have your moon and your mountains again, and your fire-flies and your distant cow-bell, and the far-away singing of the "hands" down at the "quarters." All is still and peaceful save for a dog barking at the moon, and you would naturally smoke a cigar in the cool evening air and then go to bed perfectly satisfied that Tennessee was as healthy a district as you had struck. But you'd be making a sad mistake. In the first place you should be sure your eldest daughter is in the house. Is she? No. Well, you'll probably find her tied to a post in the garden with a tramp threatening to cut her throat if she moves a finger. Then it appears that your nephew, the young scoundrel, some time before this, with the most innocent intentions, has been making love to a mountain beauty who now invades your yard with her mountain lover for the purpose of making trouble. Your nephew didn't mean anything, you understand; he just gave her a ring, and a locket with a lock of his hair, and a few trinkets of that kind, out of pure kindness and good nature. No; if you can keep a secret till such time as it can be divulged dramatically, I will tell you that the young man loves your daughter, who, if she doesn't return his love, at least has given him a large hunk of her own. So it's not the young calf's fault if the mountain girl should think herself wronged and entitled to some revenge. There's another place where Tennessee is lacking as a summer resort. If a young gentleman honors a mountain girl by making love to her and then throws her love away and breaks her heart, and all that sort of nonsense, she and her friends seem to think they have a perfect right to shoot the young man. Did you ever hear of such savagery? How much nicer it would be for the young lady to state her case fully in the courts and run a chance of making some money out of it. Even if she failed to be awarded damages, her name would then be before the public, and that is worth striving for alone. Well, this sort of thing happening in one's garden breaks a man's rest in Tennessee, and spoils the charm of the mountain scenery. A Romance of Coon Hollow, this week's attraction at the Toronto Opera House, is the popular melodrama where love and murder, innocence and rascality, are mixed up with a cotton-press, steam-boats, singing niggers and a general atmosphere of the South. Miss Margaret Dibdin takes the part of Clyde Harrode, the mountain girl, who, I think, is not undeserving of sympathy in spite of her mischief-making, in an unusually powerful way; J. W. Girard makes a splendid figure of a young mountaineer, and when the hero knocks Lem Stockwell down with a puny blow in the chest it looks about as unnatural as can be; Miss Bessie Beardsley made an attractive heroine, and Eugene Powers twisted his long limbs and mobile features about most delightfully.

Richard Mansfield acknowledges that George Bernard Shaw is a clever man, but he is irritated by the brilliant Irishman's conceit. A bit of advice from Shaw that rankles in the actor's breast was the request that he walk through his lines in *The Devil's Discipline* rather than act them. The piece, however, is one of the most successful in Mansfield's repertoire. That it is by Shaw galls him. "What do I do," he complained one evening, "but make the public go away and talk about Bernard Shaw!—Bernard Shaw, confound him!" At this a member of the company protested vehemently against Mansfield's ingratitude to Shaw, and added that he ought indeed to thank God every night of his life for so good a play. "So I do," said Mansfield, earnestly—"so I do. I go on my knees every night and do that very thing. I thank God for so good a play. But," he went on, "I also say, 'Oh, God—why did it have to be by Shaw!'"

Mr. C. P. Flockton, of Mr. Sothern's company, has a home on Prince Edward Island, where he spends his summers. Mr. Flockton is known to tourists as one who takes a deep interest in the legends and historical data of the Island, and it may be interesting to recall that in the Christmas number of the New York *Dramatic Mirror* he reproduces from one of

Marryat's novels (Frank Mildmay) an interesting passage about Prince Edward Island, and, indeed, the very cottage now owned and occupied every summer by Mr. Flockton himself.

Richard Golden and Katherine German are singing *The Isle of Champagne* at the Grand Opera House during the latter half of the week.

Hogan's Alley will be presented at the Toronto Opera House next week.

The Cummings Stock Company is playing *Men and Women* at the Princess Theater this week.

Julia Arthur will appear at the Grand Opera House on March 17, 18 and 19, and I am told that there will, on the 18th, be such a students' night, in honor of the Canadian actress, as we have not had for years. There are fourteen Britishers in Miss Arthur's company, and no less than seven of these are Canadians.

Herewith is given a portrait of Mr. H. N. Shaw as Richelieu, the role in which he will open his half-week engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. Mr. Shaw, although now principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, is not an amateur, but a professional actor of considerable experience, and those who visit the Grand next Monday evening will be convinced of that. Mr. Shaw will play the Cardinal and Miss Berryman will appear as Julie. The other members of the company are young people studying for the professional stage, and will be decidedly better than many supporting companies seen here. On Tuesday evening Mr. Shaw will appear as Romeo, and Miss Wingfield as Juliet, while on



Mr. H. N. Shaw as Richelieu.

Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Tourist Bicycle Club, an English society drama, *Duty*, will be presented in Toronto for the first time. The prices have been somewhat reduced, and the opportunity of seeing Richelieu well played should not be missed.

## Hockey Comment.

**T**HE Osgoode-Granites have succeeded in beating out Peterboro' by a total majority of six goals. When the Easterners went home last week from the first game of the round with only two goals down, their hopes for championship honors were at their zenith. In the game here they had none the worst of it. Indeed, at times Osgoode's chances of pulling the game out were slim. On that showing in a city rink, what would they not do when they got the legitimates down in their alleyway—for their ice is nearer than a rink. T.A.C. had been shown the superiority of their rink in its scoring propensities, and a perfect Waterloo for Osgoode was the only possible result. Players, supporters and townsmen in general

## Picture Puzzle.—No. 3.



The above picture suggests the name of a Canadian town. Let our young readers see if they can name the town.

The answer to No. 1 was "Collingwood," and the answer to No. 2 is "Walkerton."

awaited their coming as a tiger awaits his prey. They came, and as a result the Peterboro'-ites hang up their sticks and chase the championship no more. The weak point in Osgoode's defence was filled by Fred MacLennan, who was at last induced to come out, and it was thus rendered invincible. George Carruthers and he, backed up by McMurich, kept the puck and their forwards down on the Peterboro' goal nearly all the game. Wasson, the goal-keeper, was thereby brought and kept in evidence, and his play is described as of the gilt-edged variety. King was the only forward on the home team who distinguished himself. The first half ended 4 to 2 and the game 7 to 3 in favor of the legitimates. Thus is Peterboro's light snuffed out, and now the cry is "Stratford."

To what a depth have the once invincible Wellingtons fallen and to what a corresponding height have soared the victorious U. C. Collegians. And all the result of one little game, disastrous and dire in its consequences to the one, but oh how glorious to the other. The victory, though hardly expected and certainly not in such a decisive manner, came as the result of a foundation of thorough training.

One last despairing effort has been made down east to hurl the valiant Victorias from the proud pedestal of championship. And in the meeting of the attack much ill feeling was engendered and roughness indulged in. Last Saturday Ottawa met the Victorias for the second time of the season, but for the second time suffered defeat. The Victorias scored twelve goals and the men from the Capital half that number. The game was the fastest seen in the East this season. The Victorias' superiority was at no stage obscured or seriously questioned, but the rivalry was just keen enough to account for the aforesaid roughness. The Shamrocks were beaten by Quebec the same day. So the fight for second honors lies between Ottawa and the latter. JUNE 1.

## She Had Forgotten.

New York Evening Sun.

She was a tailor-made girl, and all the other passengers in the cable car were men. The conductor had come in to collect a fare, when the girl clutched the left arm of her coat and gave a sort of half scream.

"What is it, miss?" asked the conductor.

"Oh," said the girl, "I have lost my Harvard pin. What shall I do?"

Here she showed signs of fainting. The conductor stooped and examined the floor. Every man in the car did the same. The girl stood up and shook her skirt. Then all the gratings were lifted up and the space beneath was carefully examined. But there was no sign of the cherished emblem. When everybody was beginning to feel exhausted the girl suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, thank you, ever so much. It is all right. I remember now that I gave it back last night."

The other passengers buried themselves behind their papers, and the conductor went out on the back platform, almost broke the bell strap, and then rang up five fares in mistake, he was so agitated.



MISS BEVERLEY ROBINSON

Who will sing at the Klinglefeld Orchestra Concert next Thursday Evening at Massey Music Hall.

## A Literary Conversation.

From the Century.

**I**T was at a summer hotel—a combination of piazzas and cheap bedroom sets attached to a very ordinary restaurant. Dinner—at one o'clock—was over, and Miss Catherine Harlem came out upon the piazza. Finding an available rocking-chair near her friend of two days' sitting, Miss Arabella Morris, Miss Harlem occupied it, and in a few moments was able to make her chair keep time to the swinging of Miss Morris's. Then they talked.

"Isn't this a delightful day?"  
"Simply perfect."  
"I think you said you were here last year?"  
"Yes; not long, though. The man who kept it then was horrid—simply horrid."  
"Mr. Albyn seems nice; don't you think so?"  
"Just as nice as he can be. He has such good ideas. But then, he is educated, you know; he graduated from—some college."  
"That makes a difference, doesn't it? He seems to know what people like."  
"Yes. That is such a good idea of his—getting those books up here."

"Books? How do you mean?"  
"Why, haven't you heard? He has a lot of new books sent up every few weeks—or days, maybe. Anyway, I know you can get them from the clerk."

"Oh, isn't that splendid! I just dote on books. Don't you like to read?"  
"Read? Why, mamma says I don't do anything else! When I get a new book I just devour it!"

"And so do I. Why, I sat up all night, nearly, to finish *Tribby*. And how I cried when she died!"

"And wasn't it awful about that poor Little Billee? A perfect genius—and all for nothing."

"Do you like historical novels?"  
"I like Miss Yonge ever so much."

"I don't mean that kind. I mean those new foreign books—like *Quo Vadis*?"  
"Oh, yes. You mean by Henryk Sienkiewicz—if that's his name. I never feel quite sure of those foreign names. It was the longest time before I could get *Paderewski's* name right."

"Dear Paddy!—wasn't he just divine!"  
"Wasn't he! Why, I know girls who kept his photograph just wreathed in fresh flowers every day."

"So do I. But one never cares so much about authors as about musicians. I wonder why?"

"Well, it's different. Now, this Sienkiewicz—what does he look like?"

"Why, he's the image of my Uncle Charlie. But—there!—you don't know Uncle Charlie, do you? No matter; he is very dashing, you know—sort of military."

"It is wonderful how men can think of such things. Just imagine all that about Nero, and the lions, and the martyrs, and the early Christians, and catacombs, and things—why, it makes my head ache to think of a man's knowing so much. How do you suppose they do it?"

"I suppose it is their business—the same as anything else. Then there are great libraries; there are tons of books about things in them—miles of shelves full."

"Yes; but how can Sienkiewicz know just when to make them say the things they do say?"

"I am sure I don't know. And yet he seems to bring it all before you so, just as if you saw it. Those scenes in the arena must have been blood-curdling."

"Exciting, too. That chariot-race in Ben Hur, they say, was as real as if you were there."

"I don't think there has been anything better than that."

"Not even in *Quo Vadis*?"  
"I don't know, really. Of course that is a translation, you know, and a translation can't be the same as the original."

"No; I notice that in all the French books; and it must be harder to translate from such a tongue as the German."

"Why from the German?"  
"How do you mean?"

"I mean such a book as *Quo Vadis*?"  
"But *Quo Vadis* isn't a translation from the German."

"What is it, then?—Norwegian?"  
"No, my dear; it is from the Polish."

"Are you sure?"  
"Or Hungarian. Anyway, it is in some of the languages nobody knows. I don't remember for certain. Maybe it is Austria. But I know it wasn't German."

"Well, I don't exactly remember—for I haven't read it."

"Haven't you? Why, I thought from the way you spoke that you knew all about it. You quite scared me with your knowledge."

"Scared you? Why—haven't you read it, either?"

"Not yet."

"I must go up and get my embroidery, or I'll never finish those dollies."

"I just love embroidery. Will you let me see them?"

"Why, of course I will."

And the chairs were left vacant. They swung to and fro thoughtfully for a few moments, creaking in a chuckling way, and then were still.

TUDOR JENKS.

## The Klinglefeld Orchestra Concert.

Miss Beverley Robinson, whose gift of song has added to the fame of one of our foremost families, and who after returning from her studies and successes abroad last year appeared with Madame Albani in concerts in all the leading Canadian cities, makes her first appearance for 1898 with Herr Klinglefeld and his new orchestra of fifty at Massey Music Hall on February 17. A most attractive feature of the programme will be the appearance of Signor Nutini, the famous blind pianist whose mastery of the instrument is said to be at once a miracle and a delight. The duet by Herr Klinglefeld and Signor Nutini, the celebrated Kreutzer Sonata from Beethoven, will be one of the best numbers. This sonata, which is all too rarely heard, is one of the finest of Beethoven's variations. M. Felix Mercier, the well known tenor, and M. Louis Sa-Jous, the new baritone, will also take part, and indeed Herr Klinglefeld has been successful in gathering around him such an excellent *coterie* of skilled musicians that a concert that will please and surprise the public is assured.



## Impressions of Preston.

THE cold facts about Preston are that it is a Dutch village situated on a branch of the G.T.R., sixty-one miles west of Toronto, and midway between Hespeler and Galt, with which it is connected by an excellent electric railway. But as I came for recreation any further information may be excused. What one gets out of a town depends on one's attitude. The town has no directory to lend, so my notes are first-hand and as yet unprinted.

Preston, place of springs, may be known in the Indian tongue as Place-Where-Water-Slips-Smoothly-Over-An-Oblique-Stone-Dam; at any rate, the terms are synonymous at present. At one time there were twenty-two hotels in the town, but now water is the leading staple. It is everywhere; there are waters above the earth and waters under the earth; the people talk water, speculate water, bore for water, and both drink and bathe in the element with a deep religious, almost reckless sense of duty, such as would shock to the center many older communities were the fact known. It is no fiction about the water. Springs do abound. It would seem as if some Moses' rod had forced tribute from the soil and that prosperity had followed in his steps, for the town is a hive of industries. Though water be my present topic, let not the kind reader be offended; I have no temperance policy to foist on unwilling ears. But since my thoughts have run so much in this liquid fashion lately, I am forced to think there is "more in it than I had imagined." And every visitor to Preston who wanders down that quaint mile-long street and pauses on the bridge to

"Pore upon the Speed that babbles by"

may ask himself whence is the charm of this sparkling unconfined element. We dwellers on a globe three-fourths water, with veins charged with four-fifths of the same, (unless we be blue-blooded, when a little more may be allowed for), why should water not charm us, be it resting or flowing? Man but dreams he is a solid, or that his underpinning is stable. We are misled. We love the brown earth; it feeds us; it is the solid fact. Water is the unsubstantial, flowing, reflecting counterpart of our fancy, and its charm is primal and eternal. This is why poets have ever sung of the river and the sea.

I may add that Preston people are awakening to the potentialities of ice. A brand-new rink has been built, complete and modern in its appointments, and a few evenings ago upon its glittering rectangle Preston's young brood of hockeyists gave evidence of stern metal in a drawn game with the Berlin boys, an older team.

Preston, I have said, is full of industries. It has only about two thousand people, yet here are manufactured large quantities of furniture, stoves, flour, woollens, mattresses and springs, boots and shoes, beer, farm implements, tools, carriages and brushes. There are no less than twelve factories. The town is a model to less prosperous ones. The lesson is plain, do something, make something, produce—and live. Happy Preston! It has found the use of its hands and work for its hands.

But more important to Preston than machinery is the chance of nature which gave her the mineral water whose virtues are now so widely known. This is the water that is upon everyone's lip, including the stranger that is within the gates. I had the pleasure of sojourning at Mr. Walder's hotel—the Del Monte. A few words of description of this resort may not be out of place. The town lies in an undulating plain, which slopes to the south bank of the Speed—here a lusty stream, which joins the Grand River at Doon, four miles away. On the north bank and partly on and protected by a respectable eminence behind it, stands the Hotel Del Monte—House of the Mountain. The building is a large, commodious structure of red brick, comprising four storeys, all in the modern style. The frontage, including the bathing-house, is nearly one hundred and fifty feet. Wide, airy verandas, open in summer, under glass in winter, afford the all-desirable place for promenade or recreation; whilst inside, the roomy corridors and halls give the sense of freedom so often lacking in hostleries outside of cities. The rooms also are large, and the appointments very complete. There is incandescent light and steam heating, the latter being a feature carefully looked after, a temperature of about 70 degrees being maintained. The attendants are obliging, and from all, from the landlord to bell-boy, an effort is made to make the guest feel at home. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Certainly, says the Del Monte. Take it; it is thine. But to return to the water, here we find it again flowing free to all in the rotunda after its subterranean journey upward some hundreds of feet. The Del Monte springs yield 17,280 gallons per day and rise to a height of 12 feet above the river. This gives some idea of the power and volume of the wells, which never vary in temperature or quantity. It will surely be needless that I state what the analysis is. It looks like a "shot gun" prescription, but as Mother Nature is the pharmacist we may not dispute her prescription. All we can do is drink and bathe; she does the rest.

The rest means relief for many diseases of the vital organs, but chiefly is the water affected by those gifted with rheumatics. I have had a few myself, but have had none since I enjoyed a plunge in the magnificently appointed baths attached to the Del Monte. They are of the famous steel-clad porcelain-lined variety, which make bathing a popular pastime wherever introduced. Mr. Walder has not been sparing in expense in an effort to make this feature of his resort a joy to his visitors.

Unlike the pool of Bethesda, these waters are ever ready. An attendant "angel" is always at hand to "trouble" them, and so the great healing and restorative work at the Preston Springs goes on. It is Preston's chiefest industry and some day it will be mightier than now. Last summer a \$15,000 swimming-bath was erected.

One of the charms of Preston is its environs. It lies in a pleasant tract of country adjoining the Grand river—the country and streams which Homer Watson has painted so enduringly in his charming landscapes. In the summer it is a perfect paradise for the wheel and the carriage,

good roads abounding. But the silent white country road in January, if the temperature be not too low, has a charm for city-tired nerves, and nothing can be more exhilarating than a drive or walk over the crisp surface, the sun either visible as a pale white lantern or as a glittering mirror, all light and no heat.

A special article might be made of the Preston architecture. Suffice it to say that it possesses the features which add value to any rural resort. It does not suggest our city shams. Each house in this Dutch village has its garden and each structure has an individuality of its own. No two are alike; there is consequently indefinite variety and almost infinite charm. Most of them belong to the Early Period, which ended when the Canadian Renaissance set in—when was it? There is a great insistency on gables, but alas! on other features also which, shall we say it,

"Implore the passing tribute of a sigh."

Two gray-stone Gothic churches have uncompleted towers. Congregational rivalry perhaps stopped wisely at the expense of a steeple.

As the majority of the townspeople are descendants of the "Pennsylvania Dutch," that dialect is heard, but English rules. What struggles the transplanted scion of the Fatherland had with our tongue! Some of the older ones are able to tell of it. Here is an excerpt I picked up here:

"I can nod understand de langvidge. I le-urn to pronounce de vord 'hydrophobia,' and den I am told dat de doctors sometime pronounce it fatal—umh?"

CHARLES CARLYLE.

Preston, January 21.

## Dogs and Horses for the Klondike.

THE dogs and horses receive much notice at the Vancouver wharves. As a rule the Skagway boat—or, as it is called, the Klondike boat—goes out in the night, and so many lose the opportunity to see the animals put on board.

Well, if all boats carry the poor brutes as did the one I have in mind, it would be better to say "we escaped the sight," than "we missed it."

Nearly one hundred dogs went up this trip; and these affectionate, faithful friends were chained to the forward part of the upper deck; their covering, the sky; their protection from cold sea-winds and spray, a railing; their bed, the water-washed bare deck—no, not even a whip of straw was there to lie on. One poor mastiff, with his short, close hair, sat in a pool of rain-water, his head hung low, his body shivering; a picture of dumb misery.

Next to them stood close-crowded rows of horses—some said one hundred and fifty, but I think seventy or eighty nearer the truth. These animals were unblanketed and unprotected from the full force of winds and sleet, unless one may count the roof (a tarpaulin stretched across the band) as ample protection, and the open railing as a wind-break. The dogs are supposed to have hopes of a meal or two of fish on the way up; but the horses are to chew the cud of meditation with a relish of hunger sauce. Five days of this misery, and the one which they were delayed here in the rain, make six. Aren't you glad you are not "man's best friend," a dog or a horse?

Did you ever see one thousand dogs in one lot?

There were, one day recently, in the sheds at one of our wharves in Vancouver, one thousand dogs consigned to George St. Denis, a Boston (Mass.) man who has found in the northern outfitting city a profitable market for Klondike dogs or "huskies." Near at hand was another lot of one hundred and fifty imported sledge dogs. One thousand one hundred and fifty dogs—and not a howl or a yelp to be heard! These dogs are comfortably housed, well fed, and are provided with troughs of clean, pure water. They are large and strong; are harness-broken and trained to the drawing of heavy loads. They are a cross between the Newfoundland and Siberian bloodhound, and have the pointed, hair-covered foot so requisite for Klondike travel. The round-footed dog breaks through the snow when it is not well crusted over, and is quickly tired and a slow traveler in consequence.

This particular lot of dogs which I visited had just come in from a long overland trip, having been selected and purchased from the lumbering regions of Newfoundland. The original cost, or rather the price of these dogs in the camps from which they came, was from four to ten dollars each; occasionally one cost thirty dollars.

The average price in Vancouver is forty dollars apiece for well trained dogs, or one hundred dollars may be asked for extra fine animals. The price of these same dogs in Dawson would be three hundred or five hundred dollars. That you may judge of their kinship to the wolf, I will tell you that on the way out some of them got loose, a row ensued, and two or three of the number were devoured by the others.

The usual food allowance is one pound of dried fish per day to each dog. Over ordinary roads and under ordinary circumstances a team (such as is pictured on the front page of this paper) travels fifty to sixty miles a day, drawing one thousand pounds.

The Klondike sleds, loaded and drawn by dog teams, are the attraction on the streets here just now, and are well worth seeing. A while ago it was the pack-train of mules, which followed the leader faithfully and plodded on under well packed but fearful-looking loads. But these, as well as many of the St. Denis dogs, have gone to the gold fields.

Letters from Vancouverites who went up last fall, serve to fire the blood of men who simply laughed at the craze before.

The transportation rates have already gone up, ten dollars per ticket to Skagway and two dollars additional on dog tickets, making the dog's fare seven dollars per animal. Each boat is more than crowded; some of them can boast of opportunity to be on the way as their only accommodation. Others are pleasant to travel on. If only for the sake of these dogs and

horses I tell you of, let us rejoice that Vancouver lies a few hundred miles nearer to the golden Mecca than any other outfitting town, so that time is saved here for the dumb creatures as well as money for their masters.

Vancouver, B.C. ELLEN R. C. WEBBER.

## "Klondike Freight-Cars."

A YOUNG man who is in charge of a party of gold-seekers on the route to the Klondike sends a full account by letter to a companion in Spokane of the means by which he has been transporting his supplies northward, says *Youth's Companion*. One of these means was a pack-dog which has been denominated, on account of its importance, a "Klondike freight-car."

"He is not a large dog, either," says the letter-writer, "but he will pack seventy-five pounds through the snow after the snow-shoes have made the trail. Dogs that will pack forty or fifty pounds are common."

"The Indians at Madison Creek move everything with dogs. They handled something like a million feet of logs in that way last season. Some of the logs were forty feet long and five feet in diameter. They use no horses in this country in winter. The dogs are fed only at night, and then but half of a dried salmon. The natives live on the same food."

"The priest is the high ruler among them. It was he who caused this year's extra supply of fish to be kept; he told them to put up enough for two years. Now they eat the fish they caught the summer before last. It is not uncommon to see fish piled as high as twenty-five to thirty feet, all dried. It rests on posts set in the ground, and on the top of the posts are kettles to keep mice and squirrels from getting at the fish."

Another Klondike "freight-car" which this expedition came across was a "klootchman," or Indian woman, who did not weigh more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, but who would, nevertheless, carry a barrel of provisions weighing not less than one hundred and fifty pounds nailed to a board and the board strapped on her back. With this burden she marched thirty miles between daylight and dark, making camp at night, and keeping it up.

Those who have taken the Klondike trail need no convincing that the notion that "an Indian won't work" is a fallacy. But for Indian packers, male and female, no gold would have been brought out of Alaska, for no supplies for the miners could have been taken in.

## Books and Shop-Talk.

The current issue of *McClure's* contains this announcement: "W. A. Fraser's stories of the Far Northwest will be pronounced, we believe, the best thing of their kind yet produced. Mr. Fraser is a young civil engineer living at Georgetown, Ontario. He is in the employ of the Canadian Government, and his duties have carried him into all parts of the Dominion. He also lived for a considerable period in India. He is a man keenly sensitive to local color and to character; he has fertility of invention, and he has an unusual gift of literary presentation. We shall publish several stories from him during the year."

The Montreal *Herald* office was damaged to the extent of \$10,000 by fire on Saturday last, and for a few days the paper was issued from the *Gazette* office. This is the fourth time in fifteen years that the paper has been assailed by fire, but the first time since Messrs. Brierly and Atkinson assumed control.

In the London *News* one day last week there appeared a neat bit of verse entitled *Her Auto-graph Album*. The author's name was not given, but it was credited to the London *Daily Mail*, that new paper which is having such a phenomenal success in England. It may be interesting to know that that poem was written by Mr. Harry W. Jakeway, editor of the *Stayer* (Ont.) *Sun*. Mr. Jakeway contributed it to the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia some months ago. It was reproduced, with proper credit, in *SATURDAY NIGHT*, and was next seen without acknowledgment to anybody in the London (Eng.) *Mail*, and now in the London (Ont.) *News*, credited to the *Mail*. The London *News* is, of course, not to blame in any way; but it will be interesting to follow this bit of verse as it, professing a foreign origin, goes from paper to paper receiving an approval it could scarcely command if it had its proper Canadian label on it.

The second volume of the Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, edited by George M. Wrong, M.A., professor of history in the University of Toronto, assisted by H. H. Langton, B.A., librarian of the University, will be ready next week. This volume includes re-

views of all the literature relating to Canada appearing in 1897, comprising more than one hundred publications. The volume for 1897, unlike that for 1896, includes a survey of the periodical literature for the year relating to Canada. A section is devoted to the works dealing with Canada's relations to the Empire. The history of the North-West attracted special attention in 1897. No more remarkable work has appeared during a generation than Henry's *Journals*—a detailed account of the life of a fur-trader in the North-West in the early years of the present century. This work is reviewed at length. Kingsford's, Clement's, and Roberts' Histories of Canada are reviewed critically.



Mr. R. S. Williams.

Even fiction dealing with Canadian history is noted, more than a dozen such volumes having appeared in 1897. The section devoted to geographical, economical and statistical works has especial interest. Only five hundred copies of the Review will be put on sale. Price \$1 and \$1.50. William Briggs is the publisher.

## A Stilled Song.

For Saturday Night.  
A sparrow sang in the leafless cover,  
Where the bleak winds blew from the ice-fields over  
Gray leagues of the early, barren Spring.  
But the glad heart sang to its listening lover  
Of the balmy airs that wander over  
The lush June grass and the purple clover—  
Sang as if June were a present thing.  
The Summer came and the sparrows mated;  
Then by their nestlings watched and waited,  
Till they all were fledged and strong of wing.  
But through all the Summer's joy and splendor  
That silver throat could never render  
Another song so sweet and tender  
As the one that thrilled the cheerless Spring.  
BRADFORD K. DANIELS.  
Paradise, Nova Scotia.

## Colonial Courtship.

In an article in the Boston *Herald* concerning Portsmouth, Aldrich's Old Town by the Sea, and the scene of Longfellow's poem of *Lady Wentworth*, Mrs. Edith Perry Estes writes of the romances clustering around old St. John's church. One of the prettiest is that of the courtship of Miss Catherine Moffatt by Nicholas Rousselot. Only the last scene follows; it took place in one of the stately old pews in St. John's, where Rousselot, in official consular costume, sat by Miss Moffatt's side. Somewhat late in the service, when, it is safe to say, he had lost the thread of the parson's discourse, he handed her the Bible, in which he had marked in a lover's trembling hand, the first verse of the Second Epistle of John, "Unto the elect lady," and the fifth verse entire: "Now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

This Miss Moffatt answered with the sweetest, most womanly answer in Holy Writ, and one peculiarly appropriate to the wandering consular life of the foreigner: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

"How can you say such cruel things of your antagonists in debate?" she enquired reproachfully of the statesman. "Oh," was the reply, "that's easy enough. I keep a scrap-book and when my own ideas give out I go to that."—*Washington Star*.

## What Does Your Candidate Think?

At the next session of the Ontario Legislature, no matter how the elections may result, the members will be required to vote on the second reading of a Bill to empower towns and cities to change their plan of assessment from the present personal tax on retail merchants, which is often scandalously evaded, to a tax on the volume of business done. If this new plan is substituted for the antiquated method yet in use, it means that the man who does three million dollars' worth of business will pay at least the same proportion of tax as the man who only does ten thousand dollars' worth of business. This proposition is considered sound by the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada. This question has nothing to do with party politics, for, so far, Hon. Mr. Hardy, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Haycock are equally non-committal and open to conviction on the principle involved. But the reader should enquire: "Where do our local candidates stand on this question?" Ask them. This Bill will cause the department stores to pay at least the same rate as smaller stores now pay, for the benefits and advantages derived from that modern civilization which we all help to maintain. The Retail Merchants' Association is sending out the following blank headings for petitions to be signed by retail merchants and business men in the towns of the province, and returned to Mr. E. M. Trowern, Toronto:

To the Honorable the Members of the Legislative Assembly in Parliament Assembled:

HON. SIRS,—We, the undersigned Retail Merchants of the \_\_\_\_\_ in the Province of Ontario, in presenting this petition, do hereby request that you grant us legislation, changing or empowering a change in the present unfair system of personal assessment on our various retail stocks, to one of a business turnover tax, as outlined by the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada, and adopted unanimously by the Council of the City of Toronto, and presented by them to your legislative body in a bill, which reads as follows:

No. 97]

## BILL

An Act to Amend the Assessment Act.

HER MAJESTY, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, enacts as follows:

1. The Assessment Act, is amended by adding thereto the following section:

"31a The council of any municipality may pass a by-law or by-laws whereby in the case of merchants engaged in retail trade the assessment instead of being on the personal property of such merchants belonging to their businesses, shall be a business tax based upon the sale or turnover in the business done during the preceding year according to a schedule to be fixed by the council or such person or persons as the council may appoint."

Rev. Stat. amended.

Turnover tax on merchant's business.

## The Williams Ball and Supper.

The ninth annual ball and supper of the Williams Piano Company's factory is announced for Friday, February 18. It is to be held at the large factory of the Company at Oshawa, in aid of the benefit association of the Company's employees. In accordance with their usual custom, the Messrs. Williams will throw open the factory and give the use of their commodious floor space, the ground flat of which when prepared as a ball-room furnishes accommodation for one thousand couples. This is always an event of special interest in musical circles, and year by year has become

more popular, not only amongst those who are particularly interested in the manufacture and sale of musical instruments, but also with society in general. Last year it was the center of attraction for multitudes of guests from outside points—not only from the neighboring towns and cities, but also from the most distant parts of Ontario and Quebec.

Dressing-rooms and complete accommodation for lady visitors are this year provided, a fact which will certainly be greatly appreciated by the fair visitors. As a contributor to the enjoyment of the guests, the name of Canada's famous baritone, Mr. Fred Warrington, will appear on the musical programme, and to hear one of Mr. Warrington's songs is alone worth the trip to Oshawa. Another specialty will be a grand organ recital, in which more than one celebrated organist will officiate on the "king of musical instruments."

The organ used on this occasion will be one of the powerful church organs made in the Company's factory. The Glionna-Marciano orchestra are engaged, and will supply the musical part of the programme, which is full of the latest and best dances. Refreshment buffets and supper-rooms will be arranged on the flat above the ball-rooms. The arrangements for the transit of guests from Toronto to Oshawa are admirable: a special train will leave the Union Station at 7 p.m., arriving at Oshawa about 8. Guests may return on any train. The fare for round trip is seventy-five cents.

## Literary Criticism in Canada.

HAVING read Mr. John A. Cooper's article in *SATURDAY NIGHT* of two weeks ago, I venture to express the opinion that Canadian literature and the criticism which it calls forth are admirably adjusted one to the other. A literature more pretentious and better received by the people might call for the best consideration of critics, but a literature that is produced spasmodically, that comes in fits and starts in the shape of books that are tumbled pell mell on the market, without rhyme or reason—such a literature scarcely yet calls for the serious attention of proficient critics. There is, for us, a dilemma, two-horned. Can we get a good literature without first being blessed with honest critics who will say what they think after having thought aright? Or can we get good critics until our literature is meritorious enough to deserve the constant attention of men of parts?

Literary critics have been described as men who have failed as authors. If this be so, we cannot possibly hope to soon have critics in Canada, for it is well-nigh impossible for one writer to either succeed or fail more than any other. As I understand it, our publishers are for the most part merely job-printers, who print books at the author's risk; once the volume is on the market the newspapers receive copies and publish perfunctory notices praising the work. As a rule the "reviewer" gives no evidence of having gone deeper than the title page. Good, bad and indifferent books are referred to in equal terms of praise, and as Mr. Cooper truly says, there seems to be no standard set up by our publishing houses—any author who can afford to get a book printed seems able to get any publisher's imprint on his work, however crude and trashy its character. In the *Canadian Magazine* Mr. Cooper is giving some old-style reviews, and even if he errs on the side of harshness, it is a blessed relief from the fulsome nonsense to which we have, perforce, grown quite too accustomed. I understand that it is the policy of *SATURDAY NIGHT* to avoid book-reviewing as a thankless and unprofitable undertaking, and in the present state of native literature who shall say that the policy is not a wise one? There is a general feeling that we need novelists and creative writers generally rather than critics, however necessary these may become after we shall have produced works that merit the serious consideration of men learned, scholarly and blessed with subtle discrimination. In the meantime it would be a pity to divert one such man from the writing of books to the bewailing of their absence. Having a book of my own in course of preparation, I beg to conceal myself in this signature.

Toronto, Feb. 18.

## Like Trojans.

Hamilton Herald.

Mr. Garvin's committees are working like Trojans.—*Peterboro Review*.

The snow is packed hard 'neath the tread of their brogans.  
The air is alive with their war-whoops and slogans.  
The Hogans and Grogans, and Cogans and Logans  
Are on the committee a-working like Trojans.

A little fellow, talking to one of the boys at the Decatur Methodist Orphans' Home a short time ago, said: "You boys seem so happy out here I'd like to stay with you always, but my folks are so healthy I'm 'fraid I won't be an orphan for some time yet!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"That young man of yours," said the observing parent, as his daughter came down to breakfast, "should apply for a job in a dime museum." "Why, father," exclaimed the young lady, in tones of indignation, "what do you mean?" "I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night," answered the old man, "that he had two heads upon his shoulders."—*Chicago News*.



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**Anecdotal.**  
Dean Farrar, in his Reminiscences, says that the first proofs of Dean Stanley's Sinai and Palestine informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "the horn of the burning bush." This was a fearful apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the Burning Bush."

The late Bishop Selwyn had a morbid taste for seeing death or the dead. This propensity was the subject of many a joke among his intimates, of which the first Lord Holland's was the best. When on his death-bed he was told that Selwyn had called to enquire after him. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said he, "show him up, for if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me."

Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons is being held up by a minstrel monologist as an example of wifely loyalty. On the occasion of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight, the story goes, she was not at the end of a long-distance telephone, tremblingly awaiting news of the affray, nor was she in an adjacent hotel nervously tearing open bulletins of the fight. She was right down among the pug-uglies at the ring side, offering encouragement to her husband. "Don't mind his face, Bob," she cried encouragingly; "push in his slats!"

Rev. Mountaigne was the private chaplain to James I. of England. The bishopric of London fell vacant, and the King was puzzled whom to select. He confided his perplexity to his chaplain, who gave him this ready and witty advice: "Sire, the Scripture will tell you how to act, for doth it not say, 'If ye have faith and shall say to this Mountaigne, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the See, it shall be done.'" The King was so pleased with this arch suggestion, that he at once made his chaplain Bishop of London.

A witness giving his testimony as to the details of a fight, was obliged, says *Foith's Companion*, to give frequent explanations of language which the judge and the lawyers were unable to comprehend. "Well, Your Honor," he said glibly, in response to an enquiry as to the occupation of one Dennis Molloy while the fight was in progress, "Dinnis, he was just sloshin' round." "What do you mean by 'sloshin' round'?" demanded the Judge. "Well, Your Honor," said the witness, after a pause for reflection, "you see Sam Fogarty and his second cousin, James Lanigan, they clinched and paired off. Is that legil, Your Honor?" "I understand what you mean," said the Judge impatiently, "go on."

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"The Bonshop,"  
No. 12 King Street West.



He—What is he singing?  
She—Let Me Like a Soldier Fall.  
He—If I only had a gun!

"Well, now," proceeded the witness, "Pat Doolan and Molke Hanlon they did that same, and so did the Hinnessy twins; but Dinnis, d'ye moind, was in an' around the crowd, and whinver he caught a man's look on him, he up and out wid his two fists and cleared a way, and thin on he went! That's what we call sloshin' round, Your Honor. It's just knockin' down loose men as ye come to 'em."

## Between You and Me.

SOMETIMES into the busy whirl of social and business engagements there drops an empty day. Not a luncheon party, not even a tiny little five-o'clocker, nor the semblance of an evening attraction muddles the fair surface of the diary for that day, and the snow and the wind or the rain make paying visits an absurdity. Oh, how one revels in the empty day! What to do with it is the question. There are the letters unanswered, the stockings piled high in the mending-basket, the magazine article unfinished, the magazines unread, the bureau drawers untidied, the lace untrimmed, the accounts unbalanced, and a thousand and one things awaiting the empty day. And just then the telephone rings. I notice a jubilant tone in the whirr of its bell whenever it catches me on the morning of an empty day. Just so. There is a woman lunching with another woman who wants to meet Lady Gay. You know, you folks who masquerade through the papers under some such protective *nom de plume*, what a feeling of murderous rage creeps into your heart when you are informed of some such desire! A feeble lie rises to your tongue—illness, any old thing; but before you can utter it, a memory! Was not this the dear soul who drove you from tea to tea when those giddy cars were blocked? Truly, ay! and another more human impulse stills your savage instinct, and you cry out in rapturous acceptance. And after the luncheon, when you meet the sweetest, brainy charmer of a woman, you go to the matinee, and to your dressmaker, and when you get home you find a letter from Her Highness invoking your presence for dinner, to fill the gap left by a sudden indisposition, (which you know is only an excuse for not dining out on a rainy night), and you do a harlequin act from street frock to dinner gown, and you come back at eleven, and wonder, with a sleepy grin, at your morning plans. It's lovely to have such an empty day.

I was talking with a woman last week about some of the much-noised discoveries of the past year, and we drifted, after a little subtle coquetting just to find out what sort of women we were, into a mention of the furore created in Vienna by the professor who is reputed to have arranged for the suppression of the superfluous woman, and acquaint the mother world with the secret of holding at will the proud position of "mother of sons." For ages the world has shuddered at the summary way of treating the superfluous woman. She has been fed to crocodiles; her tender little glistles have been set as a dainty morsel before roaming wild beasts; she has been "deaded" at all events somehow or other. But now she is simply not to be, and king baby is to reign in her stead. And the wise world grins, and the doctors pooh-pooh, and the silly women of Vienna and elsewhere rush about the professor and cackle like a flock of geese. And what do you think that woman I was talking to said about it? She simply flattened me out in this fashion: "Oh, yes! There is no question that it is quite practicable to control the sex of one's infant. Long ago people had this science, and men were too plentiful; women were so scarce, you remember, that raids were made for wives, and so precious that their value was counted in gems and horses and gold and cattle, and instead of a dowry being given with it, it was exacted in exchange for the bride. Jacob knew the secret; so did many another, whose family perhaps boasted one or two daughters and a dozen sons. Oh, yes! my dear, it's an old story. And the preciousness of women led to polyandry and to veiling, and to lots of poetic sentiment about the sex, and now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and we are beginning to be an active instead of a passive nuisance, and crocodiles are too good for us, and so, in another life, you and I will be boys, my dear, and right good men we will be, for we have the souls of men in us now, we two, who don't know often why we naturally choose our best friends from our men friends. And we will have to be very good men, for we shall remember enough of our woman life, the best life, some say the first life, to make us so. Ah, yes!" And half-prophetic, half-mirthful, the woman stretched out her arms, as if she were welcoming the new life of bifurcated garments, votes

and tobacco, and I felt a bit squashed and small to think of the new science being such an old story, and so may you!

We are so unresponsive, going about with closed eyes and stopped ears, as afraid to touch a new idea as if it were a brandy-flask and we the president of the W. C. T. U. It's a good thing to accept a hundred theories and watch ninety-nine of them explode if the hundredth stands the pressure, and generally, after the explosion even, there is a little heap of dust and ashes wherein hides one tiny grain of gold, the truth after all. When one feels a bit progressive and set up with the speed at which we move scientifically these days, it is a splendid discipline to the pride of us to consider the forgotten arts, the lost secrets of the race, or of some other glorious race, too far back for our vision, but having left us hints of their existence here and there.

To flower-lovers I adjure consideration of a perfectly charming article in the December *Century* about the wonderful floriculture of Japan—not the "mums" which we have so irretrievably vulgarized—but the morning-glories, the wondrous evanescent blossoms, to enjoy which the Japs give sunrise-parties and five-o'clock-in-the-morning teas. There is something infinitely precious and tantalizing and fascinating about the morning-glory. Like the hectic complexion, the brilliant eye, the scarlet lips of the foredoomed, early-snatched maiden, we are mixed in admiration and regret over them. Read Eliza Scidmore's article, if you haven't already done so, and see if you don't have dreams of floral fairy-land.

There is room for a consideration of the condition of some of the small towns and cities (so called) in Ontario. What do you think a woman told me was a good summing-up of one of them? "The men drink and play poker, and the women talk about their operations," said she, with a *nuance* of disgust. "And they can't help it, for there is nothing else to do." "Yes," said another, "I once lived in one of those small Canadian 'cities' and my first six callers talked without a break of operations and loathsome sicknesses; the seventh one gave me her own diagnosis in addition. When my husband came home he said, 'Girlie, you don't look well, you are pale as ashes!' I burst out violently, 'I am sick as death. Let me go to bed! Ugh! no dinner for me; what an afternoon I have had.' I wonder, now, what town that could have been?"

It is a duty which ought never to be shirked, to shut down on such conversations. Better drive a scavenger cart at once. At least one could turn one's back on the eggshells whose usefulness is gone, and the scraps the dogs would refuse to consider as nutriment. I don't believe that poor lady returned those calls until she had loaded up her photographic soul with a cargo of conversation calculated to head off a woman of ninety-nine complications of disease and seapels! As for the men who drink and play poker, one sits down helpless on their behalf. Little cities don't have crack gymnasia or brainy club meetings, and nothing else will save those men.

LADY GAY.

## Permanently Cured.

A Story Told by a Justice of the Peace.

Attacked With La Grippe Which Left Him Weak and Worn Out—Kidney Trouble Added Its Complications and the Sufferer Was Discouraged.

From the *Journal*, Summerside, P.E.I.

One of the best known men around Bedique and vicinity is Mr. Alfred Schurman, who has recently removed to North Carleton. Mr. Schurman was born in Bedique about seventy years ago. Some twenty-five years ago he was sworn in as a justice of the peace, and about twenty-one years ago he was appointed clerk of the county court, in both of which offices he has given every satisfaction. Mr. Schurman was also a farmer on a large scale and like most men engaged in that occupation led a busy life, being compelled to attend strictly to business, but less than a year ago he retired from farming and now lives in a cosy cottage in North Carleton. Before his retirement, work such as only a man engaged in that occupation knows anything about, claimed his attention. His increasing years made the burden heavier and the spring work of 1893 wore him completely out. This is what he tells about it, and how he was cured. "In the spring of 1893 the constant toil and drudgery connected with the work of farming wore me out completely, and the break down was the more complete because the results were coupled with the bad effects left by an attack of la grippe. One of the results of la grippe was a

nasty cough, another was the complete loss of appetite. My spirits were greatly depressed and I felt that I had lived out my days. I always felt cold, and consequently the stove and I were great friends, but the cold effected more especially my feet and caused me great annoyance. Added to this complication was a serious kidney trouble which threatened to prove the worst enemy of all. I was unable to do any work, had no ambition and less strength, and was not a bit the better of all the doctor's medicine I had taken. It was my wife who advised me at last to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought six boxes and began taking them. My hope revived because a change for the better was soon taking place, and before they were done I was cured. The six boxes brought back my appetite, strength and ambition, in short, all that I had lost in the way of strength and health. The next spring, however, my health again gave way, and I immediately began using the Pink Pills again, and I am happy to say that they effected that time a permanent cure, and to-day I am well and hearty as if I were only forty. I strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are suffering as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade-mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 4. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not desired.

MANITA.—Either may be worn: should prefer the blouse and dark skirt myself in case the room were warm.

CALISTA.—What occupation! Anything that demands generosity, good nature, force and kindness, with a good deal of enterprise and a bright intelligence. Some imagination, excellent method, sensible ideas, warm affections, courage, decision and self-respect are yours. Give you a chance and you might be anything.

CHRISTINA R.—You have quite a good deal: of the sort not likely to make a great noise in the world, but to quietly work your will. You are decided and self-reliant, cautious in word and deed, rather wedded to old ways and credulous in old beliefs. Truth, self-respect and honesty are shown. A person good to tie to—I think.

THE HUNTSMAN.—This is a good-tempered, optimistic and independent person, with original ideas, good method, some tendency to theorize and idealize commonplace things and persons. Not likely to be easily influenced, nor to get into trouble from any indiscretion. A truthful and single-minded person, probably averse to display and publicity, and apt to make friends.

CARAMEL.—You are inquisitive, humorous, fond of a good time, bright and impulsive; if you don't get cake, you have an appetite for bread. You can quietly wiggle into the place you want, and run against no one's elbows, nor step on anyone's toes. I do get exceedingly tired of some writing, but not any like yours, which made me laugh when I looked at it. I fancy your lines must be cast in pleasant places.

PHROSO.—I. Sorry I didn't see The Highwayman; was in New York seeing Julia Arthur and Mansfield and "Babbie." Never heard how the opera went, either. Did you like Hope Hawkins? I think his duck and a dear, and so would you if you knew him as well as he knows your name. 2. Your writing is most erratic, and what between the paper you use, and the pen you misuse, I can't get much out of it. Send me another and I'll do it once.

LUNDONALD.—You are imaginative, energetic and full of vitality, truthful and apt to be introspective. Why "disatisfied"? You have the stuff to work on and the power to develop it. No one should want more. Reasonable caution and a good deal of enterprise, excellent sequence of ideas and care for small things are shown. A good deal of artistic taste and a sympathetic and appreciative nature are yours. Hope you'll read this and be better satisfied, and that you will let me know of your improvement.

BLACKSTONE.—A very refined, sensitive, and highly interesting handwriting; apt to run to high intellectuality and to work on original lines. A very keen imagination, a good deal of conservatism, elegant taste, and very decided objection to crudeness in form or expression. The tongue and the temper might easily be pointed and the judgment of others most exacting. Not the least danger of your heart ruling your head; the danger is of pettiness and lack of benevolence. Such natures make the keen cynics and sour women.

MARIE.—I did not certainly "make a face"; that is a vulgarity which happily does not occur to me. 2. Your writing shows great ambition to rise, and a healthy amount of self-esteem. You are well-satisfied with yourself and not much given to serious analysis, which is unfortunate, for you have a clever and brightly perceptive mind. Humor of a certain kind is shown, and some tendency to pose. You do not judge evenly, and though you have good sequence of ideas, you are hard to pin down to an argument. It is a fine, independent and talented study, but—too airy.

NOVEMBER.—For mercy's sake not the copy-book! Your writing is not worthy of being spoiled, it is so good as it stands. Perhaps you have not yet discovered your fineness, and may think I'm trying to be funny. Please don't. You are original, and as bright as a new cent. That you don't finish your words properly and cross your t's all over the place only shows that your pen can't keep up with your brains. And you love to talk, most probably having something worth saying. You are naturally an optimist, and dislike sombre views and persons. A very interesting, vital and delightful creature you are, and that's 'all about it."

NIGHTSHADE.—"Love has its rise in virtue and its aim the same," might well puzzle you, but your idea of its meaning is about right. It's not a good working axiom, however. Love has its rise in many things, not always virtues. Cupid is as liable to perch on a barnyard pile as on a satin cushion or a rose-bud. Love was, is, and ever will be, here, there and everywhere; virtue, as Jane Porter understood it, is a matter of latitude and longitude. Love has no north, south, east or west. It is the one thing that will endure, has endured, regardless of time or space limits. A great big subject for a small girl like you to play with. I don't think I want to pick your writing to pieces just yet.

PHROSO.—This is an Oshawa girl. Tother Phroso was a Toronto one. Kindly sort yourselves. Well, little girl, I see the two minds are still at variance. You Gemini people are trying. I think you've read



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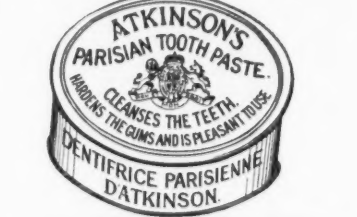
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too much; it becomes harmful after one has over-indulged so. But because you put Dickens first, I had to forgive you. I wish you would try to do something yourself now; you have been stuffing other people's ideas in too long. If you really must read a little more, get a book by Ford called *Hon. Peter Stirling*, and Allan's *The Choir Invisible*, and the Lord forgive me for telling you about them and encouraging you in your gorging your mental "tummy" to indigestion.

REX.—It is not an obstacle, but sometimes a person of moods will send separate studies, written under strongly differing conditions, one showing traces of inflation and the other of depression. Such a case occurred some months ago, and the scamp sent me back both my studies, with a note, which strangely enough showed both moods very plainly, and which gave me the clue to his mercurial nature, and the reason of my one-sided delineations. Your study shows frankness and some carelessness, a good deal of will-power, sometimes erratic; tenacity, nervous energy, originality of method, and impulsive thought. You reason well and argue clearly, and you ought to be a clever man. Some sense of humor and rather an indifference to appearances are evident.

Few housekeepers know that coffee and cocoa are more expensive beverages than tea. The agents for Ludella tell us that a pound of their 40c. Ceylon blend contains two hundred and seventy-five cups—or seven for one cent. The delectable cost of growing and packing are the same per pound on a low-priced tea as on a good one. This does not mean that 25c. Ludella is not good value; in fact, we wonder how it can be produced for the money, but at the very small additional cost per cup the 40c. blend gives the consumer the greater satisfaction. Ludella is also packed at 50c. and 60c. lb.

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Ladies' League of School Art of Rosedale.

IN the great advancement made in the system of public school education in the past century, our country has much cause for self-congratulation. The higher standard demanded of teachers; the more intelligent and natural methods of imparting instruction; the humane kindergarten, and the manifestly growing desire to surround the pupils with all that is joyous and bright, are evidences of progress in education. Many very amusing and effective comparisons might be made between the present and the past of the school life. The leading characteristic of public school education in the past has been materialism. The prevailing idea has been that only those studies which were essential to the speedy and successful earning of money were worthy of pursuit, forgetting the fact that the highest end of all education is the formation of character; therefore the cultivation of the aesthetic nature in public schools has always been a matter of secondary consideration.

Such teaching has brought its own legitimate results. Materialism is stamped upon all society. The *summum bonum* of existence to very many is wealth and the advantages it brings. Hence the struggle of all to possess wealth. Society is torn and mangled in the effort. A false standard of what constitutes life prevails, and we hesitate not to say it is largely the result of the materialistic system of education in vogue.

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Should failure attend, however, they will gratefully and cheerfully remark, "I told you so." Some ratepayers there will be whose privilege it is to have an opinion, who themselves were deprived of their birthright of beauty and joy, who will say, "There ain't no need of my young 'uns' leavin' h'art; they has to harn their livin'." Some good people who do not see the vital connection between religion and art will fancy they detect the cloven hoof in this movement, and a general paving for the purpose of greater smoothness and slipperiness, the broad road. District fathers there may be who will probably say, "Whence this waste of money? Might this not have been given to more blackboards and leather?" And other district fathers may say, "Them there is my sentiments tew." But liberal souls (and there are many in Toronto) who realize that man's life does not consist in the abundance of things he possesses, and who know much of the value and importance of the spiritual, will applaud and encourage.

The Ladies' League arranged for the winter season an excellent course of lectures on subjects bearing on school art. These are being delivered on Saturday afternoons, every two weeks, in the Rosedale school at three o'clock. Three of the course have already been given and were much enjoyed, and contained a great deal of information delightfully conveyed on art matters in relation to school life. The lecture by T. Mower Martin was full of thought, a somewhat scientific treatment of his subject. The next lecture will be given to-day at three p.m. by Rev. Mr. McMillan of St. Enoch's, on the Home and Haunts of Walter Scott.

Miss Junor has removed from Yonge street and taken a studio in Avenue Chambers, corner Spadina avenue and College street.

It is necessary to announce that the proceeds of the Art Loan Exhibition are to be devoted to the paying off of indebtedness on the Y.M.C.A.

The very deepest interest has been taken in the Art Loan Exhibit by those who have been fortunate enough to visit it. So successful was it that it was found necessary to extend it over the present week, and the attendance to-day should be very large.

JEAN GRANT.

The Typewritten Letter.

For Saturday Night.  
Well, there's that old typewriter's work again before my eyes. And from Dan, too, a letter! "Gracious me!" about the size of some old darning letter! And dictated, I suppose, to that new girl that stared at me! I'll bet her perky nose was just one inch more in the air when she did this—Oh dear!

I hate a printed letter so—it does make me feel queer. Oh, Dan! why don't you write to me the way you used to do?

For many years ago you wrote—a scrawling hand 'tis true—But, oh! such loving letters then—and I was always glad To see them come—though but in play—news from my little lad.

I loved to read them through and count the capitals forgot. And mark the 's' he didn't cross, the 'i's' he didn't dot. Dear me, I'm glad I kept them all—they'll never come again: I don't suppose he'll ever write, or love as he did then.

He says they're "very busy now;"—that may be true, indeed, Dan never leaves a stick unsmoothed when business is to be had.

"Increase of trade"—well, that is so:—I never thought of that—Poor boy! he has about the most of cares that ever Upon a man—"Might mention that the deal I had in sight. Re prospect that I told you of—have managed it all right."

Well, I am glad, for Dan you know—that's like he used to be. The greatest secret of his heart he would confide in me.

"Be sure you get the best of goods for that new dress, you know." Well, just hear that, to think he'd think! "Am sure I'd like to go With you and help you make a choice,"—the same dear, dear old Dan—He has a great deal more of taste than the ordinary man.

"So I enclose the 'sample goods,' and my best love with it. Hoping you like the color—it may help a little bit." Well, I declare!—and what he chose for me I'll have, indeed I will!

Why what is it! For goodness sake! a twenty dollar bill! J. E. STINSON, Toronto.

Napoleon's English.

Few of the biographers of Napoleon tell us of the efforts he made to learn the English language while at St. Helena. In a collection of autograph letters in Paris is preserved the following, directed to Count Las Casas, in the famous Corsican handwriting:

"COUNT LAS CASAS,—Since six weeks I learn the English, and I do not any progress, 6 week do forty and two day, I might have learn 50 word for day, I know it 2 thousand and 2 hundred. It is in the dictionary more of forty thousand even if he could, must 20 bout much often for know it ov 120 week, which do more 2 years. After this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labour, who it must do in the young aged."

"Longwood this morning the seven March Thursday one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity Jesus Christ."

The spectacle of the man who little more than a year before kept the whole of Europe in a fright, struggling with the weakness of a child over the study of a language, is pitiable indeed.

G. B. Shaw's Way to Reform the Army.

George Bernard Shaw, in the Vegetarian.

I regret to say that vegetarianism is a fighting diet. Ninety-nine per cent. of the world's fighting has been done on farinaceous food. In Trafalgar square I found it impossible to run away as fast as the meat-eaters did. Panic is a carnivorous speciality. If the army were fed on a hardy, healthy, fleshless diet, we should hear no more of the disgust of our colored troops and of the Afridis and Fuzzywuzzies at the cowardice of Tommy Atkins. I am myself congenitally timid, but as a vegetarian I can generally conceal my tremors; whereas in my unregenerate days, when I ate my fellow-creatures, I was as patent a coward as Peter the

"I'll face the land, to hastening life a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

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"Accept these," said he. "I only wish the dear woman who knit them could present them to you in person."

"Thank you, very much," said David gravely, "but I have decided that I never shall wear another pair of socks while I live."

The preacher protested, but to no purpose; and finally he sought out the boy's sister to tell her how foolishly the invalid had behaved.

"Why," exclaimed she, "both his feet have been shot off!"

Tragedy in Outline.

The Century.

A man said to his friend, "Tell me what is the most dreadful thing that ever happened." His friend answered: "A man loved a woman who loved him; but afterward she ceased to love him." Then the man said "I have known of many, many things to happen to people more dreadful than that." Said his friend: "But this happened to me."

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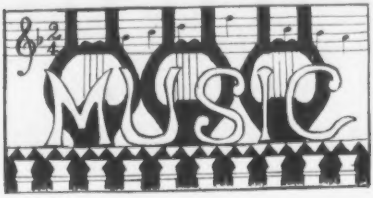
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The announcement in last week's issue of the intention of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music of England to institute a system of musical examinations in this country, has, as might have been expected, created considerable comment in local musical circles. Much surprise is felt by those who have become familiar with the character of the examinations to be introduced into Canada by the two English schools mentioned, that institutions of such importance should, with the avowed intention of "advancing musical art" in this country, submit tests of so trivial a character as their syllabus proves these examinations to be. To distribute certificates of proficiency to local candidates with the names of the Prince of Wales and a number of notable English musicians adorning the parchment, with the claim that musical art is to be advanced in Canada by the wholesale distribution of such certificates, when as a matter of fact the requirements do not in any way approach a serious "art" standard, is somewhat perplexing to many good and loyal people of this country who have read the somewhat involved explanation of the Associated Board's policy as outlined in a lengthy letter to the local press by the secretary, Mr. Samuel Aitken. We are assured that the Associated Board are to operate in Canada on a "philanthropic" basis, that "Imperial Federation" is to be given an impetus by the wholesale and unquestioning adoption of the scheme by the Canadian people, and that other great national issues are to be advanced by this plan of local examinations. Would it not then be well also to adopt the old-fashioned general educational ideas of the Old Country and apply them in our own splendid Public school system, of which Canadians are so justly proud? It is to be regretted, however, that the craze for musical "examinations" of all grades and distinctions, which is possessing the English people at the present time, should ever become a feature of our musical life, with rival institutions outdoing each other in efforts to present to the public, schemes of such attractiveness, from a business point of view, that the artistic element is in the end likely to be entirely lost sight of. The financial aspect of the work of both the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music has ever been a serious matter with both of these institutions, if we are correctly informed by Mr. Aitken in his letter to the press. He admits that the Royal Academy of Music has labored for many years "against all sorts of difficulties" and has had to be assisted by Parliament. The Royal College of Music, he also admits, receives Parliamentary assistance and requires to fall back on the interest on its endowments, in order to make ends meet. Hence we may well assume that any colonial examination scheme entered into by the Associated Board is not undertaken without a careful and special regard for the business aspects and prospective profits of such a missionary (sic) venture. It is unfortunate, however, that institutions of the standing of these two schools should, under any pretense, adopt a standard and issue certificates to successful candidates for work which is much below the most primary examination provided in this country by any Canadian musical institution of established reputation. In order to compete with the scheme of the Associated Board, our leading musical institutions will, "in the advancement of musical art," require to lower their standards or provide a rudimentary grade of tests which disinterested observers feel it would be a most mischievous proceeding to issue certificates for. Mr. Aitken, whilst in Canada, on his way back to England from Australia, stated that one thousand candidates had presented themselves for examination in the Australian colonies in December last, and that three thousand were expected next season. As the aggregate of the fees to be collected from the latter number would foot up the respectable sum of about \$15,000, it is fair to assume that next season there will be a very large profit on the Australian "business," sufficient to make up the deficiency which our shrewd friend, Mr. Aitken, mentions in the press as having materialized in Cape Colony, a deficiency which doubtless will eventually develop into a surplus at the Cape itself. In next week's issue I propose giving to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT a synopsis of the requirements of the philanthropic Associated Board for the examinations it is proposed to institute in Canada for the "advancement of musical art" as taken from the syllabus issued by the Board. A frank discussion of the merits of these examinations and of the mistaken notion which evidently prevails in the Old Country as to the musical calibre of Canadians, cannot but prove entertaining just at this stage.

Anton Seidl, the famous New York conductor, has been invited to make Hamburg, Germany, his home and is at present considering the offer contained in the invitation. Herr Seidl does not appear to be much encouraged at the musical outlook in New York judging from his remarks to a representative of the New York Herald. It is just possible that he may follow the example of Nikisch, Gerike and others who found the musical atmosphere un congenial on this side of the Atlantic, and who returned to Europe after some years spent in America. Herr Seidl's opinion regarding the value of rehearsals, which, by the way, so many musicians, so called, seem to despise, is sufficiently interesting to reproduce here. He says: "The appreciation for what is best in music seems to be growing beautifully less year after year. Nor is it possible to give good music as it should be given. I have been working hard for nearly a dozen years now trying to get together a permanent orchestra, such as Chicago has given Mr. Thomas and Boston puts at the disposal of Herr Paur. These organizations, being subsidized, can rehearse a programme as often as they please before performing it in public. Hence the results, which are

indisputably finer and more artistic than those of our local orchestras, which rehearse once or twice at the best. I'm very tired of it all, for such a state of affairs makes you feel at times as if you were a mechanic, not an artist. So that if I do go to Hamburg it is not a question of money, you see, but of art, pure and simple. Fourteen of the best years of my life have been devoted to raising the standard of music in this city. But of true artistic atmosphere there is none, and I am no longer as sanguine as I was some years ago."

In referring to the recent troubles of Mr. Frederic Archer, the eminent organist, Chicago *Presto* comments as follows: "Frederic Archer, the organist-director, appears to be in trouble again. That he is troubled with the necessity of changing his line of work for the time out-of-number. Mr. Archer was a fine organist and a good musician when he came to this country many years ago. But with the artist's proverbial lack of business ability he soon found himself floundering in the quicksands of financial disability. He has vibrated between his native England and this country, and moved from pillar to post with true Bohemian irregularity. His last work as director of the Pittsburgh Orchestra was enlivened by the customary discords between artists and director until the management concluded that too great genius was less desirable than much talent with a desirable amount of deliberate common sense. And so Mr. Victor Herbert, the band-master, has been invited to take Mr. Archer's place. We trust that the able English organist will have better luck next time. He has now run the entire gamut—organist, teacher, music journalist, conductor of grand orchestra. In all he has proved his artistic ability and his total lack of adaptability to circumstances and conditions." The result of Mr. Archer's Pittsburgh experience will, doubtless, enable this gifted gentleman to devote more time to organ-playing than has been the case for some years past. Whilst regretting his hard luck in Pittsburgh, Mr. Archer's many Toronto admirers will be pleased at a prospect of again hearing this phenomenal performer in local organ recitals.

The music hall of the Conservatory of Music was crowded on Saturday afternoon by a critical audience, the occasion being an invitation piano recital by pupils of the director, Mr. Edward Fisher. A programme of rare merit was presented in which the following piano pupils participated: Misses Maggie V. S. Milne, Blanche Badgley, Ada F. Wagstaff, Bessie Cowan, Edith Myers, A.T.C.M., May Kirkpatrick and Franziska Heinrich, and Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus.Bac., A.T.C.M. A feature of a programme of unusual excellence throughout was a very brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's G minor concerto by Miss Heinrich, the second piano part being played by Miss May Kirkpatrick, with the additional assistance of a small but exceptionally efficient orchestra. The playing of the piano pupils was most creditable to their capable and painstaking instructor, both as regards the musical and technical features of their work. Additional interest was lent the recital through the admirable violin playing of Miss Louie Fulton; the fine singing of Miss Carrie Davidson, contralto, Mr. Tandy's talented pupil; and the effective vocal work of Miss Ruth Miller, soprano. The recital served again to emphasize the excellent acoustic qualities of the new hall.

Appropos of the proposed local musical examinations of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, in Canada, a prominent local musician, who had read Mr. Aitken's letter in a morning paper and who was much amused at the arguments of our Old Country friend, remarks: "Would it not be well to inform the Associated Board that several years have elapsed since the red-skin was killed in the streets of Toronto, and at the same time remind them that rather more recently Trinity College, Toronto, and its English examinations were badly whacked out of England by some of the very gentlemen who are now connected with the Board which is about to invade Canada in search of business here. The most amusing part of the whole affair is the fold-out about 'Imperial Federation,' 'national significance,' etc., and the talk about advancing musical 'art' in Canada through a rather antiquated and decidedly primary scheme of musical examinations such as is outlined in the syllabus issued by the Board. Verily what a rare jewel consistency is!"

On Thursday evening next the Klingensfeld Orchestra makes its debut in Massey Hall, and from all accounts the concert promises to be a most successful event. The orchestra is said to be in capital form, and the programme they have prepared is of a character which is certain to please all classes of music-lovers. The soloists will be the famous blind pianist, Nutini, who is popularly known as the blind Paderewski; Miss Beverley Robinson, the popular Canadian prima donna; Mr. F. X. Mercier, tenor, and M. Lou Sa-Jous, baritone. The plan is now open at Massey Hall, prices of seats being 30c., 75c. and \$1, according to location. Mr. Klingensfeld's orchestra deserves the hearty support of all local music-lovers. The public now have an opportunity of demonstrating to what extent a local orchestra is considered a necessity in Toronto, and it is hoped that the most cordial support will be given the enterprise.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's fourth organ recital for this season was given on Saturday afternoon last, and proved to be as enjoyable as this talented organist's recitals have always been. The programme, which was an exceptionally strong one, included Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D minor; Guilmant's Second Sonata; and other pieces by King, Hull, Bernard, Pearce, Rheinberger, Salome, and Silas. Miss Lillian Norman, soprano, rendered several solos during the afternoon with good effect. Mr. Fairclough's recitals have for some years been the most comprehensive and meritorious events of the kind in our local musical season. The programmes have always been of a high standard, and Mr. Fairclough's performances have been uniformly scholarly and dignified. Organ students will find much of profit and interest in these monthly recitals, the next of which is to be given on Saturday, March 5.

A recital was given on Saturday afternoon last by piano, vocal and violin pupils of the

Toronto Junction College of Music, the teachers represented being the director, Miss McMillan, piano; Mons. F. X. Mercier, tenor, and Miss Archer, violin. The recital hall was crowded with visitors, who expressed themselves as delighted with the many evidences of thorough work in the performances of the pupils taking part. An interesting and special feature of the afternoon's entertainment was the clever work of Miss Fletcher's musical Kindergarten classes. Nearly thirty children are already receiving instruction from Miss Fletcher at the Toronto Junction College of Music, and applications for admission to these classes are continually being received. Miss McMillan and her associated teachers are entitled to congratulations for the success of the recital.

The second of the series of great concerts under the management of Massey Music Hall will take place on February 22, one week from next Tuesday. The event will give our citizens the opportunity of hearing at least two of the world's greatest artists, in the persons of Ysaye, the violinist, and Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, the soprano who made such a sensation in the early part of the season in Massey Hall, besides others who will take part. This concert being one of the special course of four great concerts, a large number of seats are already sold for it, and those who intend going should lose no time in subscribing for the seats they desire. The subscribers' list is now open, and the now unsold seats will be given out in the order that the names appear on the list.

The many friends throughout Canada of Mr. S. T. Church will be pleased to learn of this gentleman's return to Toronto from London, Eng. Mr. Church's health was affected to such an extent by the English climate that his medical advisers recommended his immediate return to his native land, a step which he took with great reluctance, as the prospects for the Auto-Voce institution for the cure of stammering which he had instituted in England were most encouraging when he left the Old Land. During Mr. Church's former residence in Toronto he had become widely known in local musical circles, his enthusiasm in the cause of the art and the many personal sacrifices he made in its interests having frequently been proven in the musical doings of this city.

Lovers of oratorio will be pleased to learn of a move in the direction of providing for Toronto a series of oratorio performances on festival lines. Mr. Torrington has been engaged as conductor of a chorus which met at Victoria Hall for the first time on Tuesday evening last for rehearsal. The circular issued to conductors, organists and choir-leaders of the city, asking for their sympathy and co-operation, states that it is proposed to give the following works: Sullivan's Golden Legend, Massenet's Eve, Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn's Elijah and Handel's Messiah. The secretary of the Chorus Committee is Mr. A. E. Gilverson, 165 Ossington avenue, who will be pleased to receive applications for membership to the society.

The Toronto friends of Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher will be pleased to learn of this lady's success in the United States, in the introduction of her musical kindergarten method. At a recent demonstration of this method in the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, the critics of that critical city spoke in unstinted terms of praise of the clever invention of Miss Fletcher and of the astonishing results of her teaching as illustrated by the children under her instruction at the institution mentioned. Miss Fletcher has been regularly engaged to further develop her system at the New England Conservatory, and training classes are now being established there under her instruction.

The ladies of the Chamber Music Association promise our music-lovers another delightful evening of string quartette at an early date. The Spiering Quartette of Chicago has been engaged and will be assisted by Miss Grace Buck, soprano, also of Chicago. This Quartette ranks high among our chamber music organizations, is composed of musicians of unusual artistic ability, and has already earned a wide reputation for scholarly and artistic work.

Miss Frances World, the talented local soprano, who has just returned from a most successful concert tour through Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia, gives a song recital in Association Hall some time during the coming Feb. 13. Details as to the assisting artists and the programme to be presented will be given in the near future.

The Guilmant organ recital at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening next will be one of the musical events of the season and one of the most memorable organ recitals ever given in Toronto. The plan of the hall is now at the office of the Conservatory of Music and is open to the public.

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## Social and Personal.

Mr. Harvey Smith of Rivermount left last week for a trip to Colorado for his health. He will spend the remainder of the winter in the West.

The engagement of Miss Millie Ferguson, second daughter of Mr. Justice Ferguson, and Mr. George Burnett is announced.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Edwina Thompson, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, and Mr. John Hutchison of Glasgow, Scotland, is announced. Mr. Hutchison is the well known Queen's Own shot, and the popular secretary of the Rosedale Golf Club.

Miss Notman of Spadina avenue is at present visiting in St. Catharines.

Mrs. W. G. Brown gave a progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. George Lugsdin of Minneapolis, Minn.

Two bright, charming young ladies who recently enjoyed a pleasant visit with friends in Toronto were Miss Annie Ashburn and Miss Arnette von Buseck of Stouffville.

Miss Stella Morton gave a five o'clock tea on Friday of last week, the decorations in the tea-room being very artistic and beautiful. Among those present were noticed: The Misses Parsons, the Misses Dixon, Mrs. John Dixon, Mrs. Jack Boyd, Miss Lillie Ellis, Mrs. J. Harry Walker, Mrs. Tree, Mrs. Will Brown, and Mrs. Willie Galbraith.

Miss Maude Watterworth of Ingersoll is visiting at the home of Mrs. John Northway, 2 Maple avenue, Rosedale.

Mrs. Charles Stapleton and little daughter, Eleanor, of Wilton crescent left on Monday for a month's visit to friends in Peterboro'.

The engagement of Miss G. Harbottle of Isabella street and Mr. G. Hamilton of Grosvenor street is announced.

One of those happy events that are always looked forward to with much interest took place on Tuesday, February 1, at 25 Tranby avenue, Toronto, the residence of Mrs. A. E. Minkler, cousin of the bride, when Mr. S. A. Hodge of Mitchell and Miss Eugenie Tallman of Toronto were made man and wife according to the beautiful, simple and impressive Presbyterian ceremony, conducted by Rev. Louis H. Jordan of St. James' square church. The proceedings throughout were of the simplest possible description. The bride, attired in a beautiful dress of white corded silk with chiffon trimming, carrying a shower bouquet of white roses and wearing a pendant of turquoise, pearls and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom, looked very charming. She was attended by her sister, Miss Annie Tallman, who was gowned in white silk and carried crimson roses. Mr. T. S. Ford, brother-in-law of the bride, gave her away. Many elegant and useful presents bore ample testimony of the esteem in which the contracting parties are held by admiring friends. After a *recherche* wedding breakfast the happy couple left by the evening train for Niagara Falls and other southern points. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Hodge will reside in the town of Mitchell.

Referring to Mr. H. N. Shaw's recent appearance in Richelieu at Guelph, the *Advocate* of that city says: "As the Cardinal Mr. Shaw was superb, and not for a moment did he lose grasp of the character. In his accurate conception of this difficult part he proved himself fully equal to the task, and his success met with generous recognition on the part of the audience. The entire company took their parts with an ease and grace that showed they were well acquainted with them." Mr. Shaw will play this role at the Grand Opera House, Monday, February 14, also appearing as Romeo on Tuesday evening, and Wednesday evening as Sir Geoffrey Deane, in *Duty*. The other characters will be in adequate hands, and most satisfactory productions of these plays will be witnessed.

Mrs. and Miss Ethel Dickey of 80 Macdonell avenue gave a most enjoyable *pedro* party on Wednesday evening.

The friends of the Young Women's Christian Guild are invited to set aside the evening of Thursday, February 17, for the annual conversation, at which a most varied list of attractions is promised.

Miss Ridout and Miss Wadsworth of Tyndall avenue gave a young people's tea last Friday.

Colonel Vance Graveley was quite ill for a few days, but is now much better.

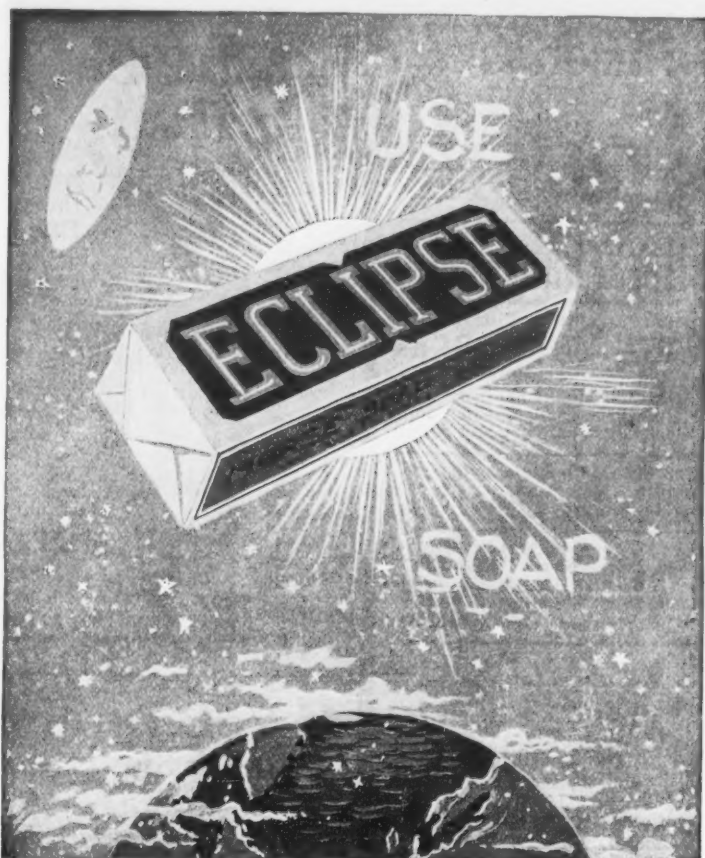
Dinner parties were given this week at the Hall and by Mr. and Miss Marian Wilkie.

Next week's ante-Lenten plethora includes: The Lorne dance on Monday, a Tuesday afternoon tea in Bloor street, Thursday's rendezvous at Trinity, the Friday dance at Osgoode, a dance at Whitby College to which a large party are going on Friday, half a dozen dinner parties, a very promising concert in the lecture-room of Old St. Andrew's on February 17, a couple of very *chic* luncheons, a reception at the National Club on Thursday evening from half-past eight to half-past twelve, and about a dozen other functions small or great. Truly one will be quite ready for the seclusion supposed to set in on *mercredi aux cendres*!

The Art Loan Exhibition closes to-day, after a most successful run of a fortnight. Last week it was visited by Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, and on Thursday of this week His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor looked in.

A studio tea by Miss May Hewitt was among the several bright things *en train* on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Miss Scott of Parkdale gave a very large theater party on Wednesday, occupying four boxes, where a very garden of beauty blossomed. Young brides, lovely girls, smart men and the latest cry in *coiffure* and frock gave the vast audience something of an *entr'acte* worth the studying. After the play the party supped at McConkey's, where Miss Buck and Miss Scott were hostesses. The decorations, all in pink, were simply lovely, Dunlop's choicest



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about the Oak Hall Clothing that popularizes it among the best buyers. Maybe it's the genteel design; maybe it's the excellent quality; maybe it's the superior trimmings. There are many points of merit, and after all is said the fact remains that careful and particular mothers clothe their boys at

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treasures, roses, carnations and plumosa ferns being employed, three large showers of carnations and ferns, and a center-piece of roses.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. Lincoln Gallagher will be sorry to learn that they leave for Ottawa on Tuesday, where they will reside in the future.

On Thursday, Mr. J. Ross Robertson gave a dinner to the Lady Superintendents at the Hunt Club. The guests assembled at the Rossin House at five o'clock, and went by special car to the terminus, whence they were driven to the Hunt Club. The affair was most successful.

A pretty little tea was recently given by Mrs. George at her home in Maple avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. George was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. Church, and by a party of young ladies in the tea-room, where the usual table, made beautiful with flowers and prettily lighted and set with many dainties, was the center of attraction. Mrs. George has a very lovely home in the eastern suburb, and welcomes her friends most cordially. Among those who were at the tea were: Mrs. Joe Delamere, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem, Mrs. Strathy, Miss George, Miss Rossie Campbell, and many others.

Mrs. Brock's reception will be a popular function for this afternoon's later hours.

Mr. Ponton, late of the Dominion Bank, Nanapanee, was in the city on Monday, and many friends, still his friends, were glad to see him. His suit against the Dominion Bank is not forgotten; it comes off in the spring, we hear.

Major and Mrs. Leigh gave an At Home on Thursday at their residence, Leightonhome, Dovercourt road. It was on the anniversary of their wedding day, and the Major and his good wife seem to have gathered, with the years, many friends.

A rather numerous gathering of the brave and the fair filled old 'Varsity on Friday evening of last week when the annual conversation was in progress. No concert was attempted this year, but plenty of very fine music was given by the orchestra and the band in the rotunda. To many an old-timer the very pleasure of looking in for an hour, of roaming through the corridors, peeping in at the youthful whirl in the *salons de danse*, shaking hands with the various magnates and chatting a while with their wives, making obeisance to the lady patronesses visible, and tasting a scrap of supper in the president's sanctum, is enough of a temptation to inspire the donning of evening dress, not to mention the efforts of tying an immaculate neck wisp and wearing patent-leather boots. You see 'em always at a 'Varsity conversat., these thinning ranks of the old-timers. The president of the 'Varsity society under whose auspices this dance is given, the well known clever man, Greg Young, does yeoman service in all capacities, and is happy if enough of the people one knows turn out and so give their approval to what

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MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal.

has been very erroneously dubbed elsewhere a "students' dance." There was a smart little party so *en evidence* last week, and the opening quadrille was therefore the representative one it should be; after that stately measure the boys and girls possessed the land and footed it merrily till all hours.

A social event of great importance to the Toronto Bicycle Club will be their annual dinner on Thursday next, February 17, in the lovely dining-room of the Toronto Athletic Club. This has been an annual affair with this lively and prosperous club for many years, and it is an event always looked forward to eagerly by the members from year to year. It is anticipated that those who attend it will have a glorious time.

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like the end of a wasp, merits respectful consideration. It may be of value or worthless. We promise little, perform much. We bind you to favor us with your patronage, not by contract, but by the excellent service our system gives, the low cost of our high-class work, and the positive guarantee to satisfy. An ever-present contract uniting us in the invisible bonds of mutual satisfaction. Our parlors are the largest and best equipped in Canada. The best professional skill in every department of Dentistry is the leading element of our success. We respectfully solicit your patronage.

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## Social and Personal.

Gay and bright was the scene which met the gaze of the spectator who had the honor of being present at the smartest party ever given in Erin, on the evening of Tuesday, February 1, at the handsome residence of Mr. Charles Overland, Jr., reeve of the village. Mrs. Overland had able assistance from relatives in the reception-room, to which purpose the north drawing-room was devoted, and a large number of guests passed and repassed its portals. Dancing and other amusements were indulged in and the throng thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of their host and hostess.

The friends of the late Rev. Richard Harrison will be gratified to hear that a tablet has been erected in the chancel of St. Matthias' church, Toronto, "In loving memory of Richard Harrison, priest, founder and first rector of St. Matthias' church."

Mr. Edward A. Jarvis of 131 Beverley street, for the past seven years *attache* to the Molsons Bank here, has been ordered to join the new branch to be opened at Victoria, B. C. He leaves on Saturday at 12:30.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Bright leave for Florida next Monday.

Mr. George Sherriff Morrice of Montreal, who has been in town this week, gave a theater party to Mr. and Mrs. W. McC. Warden, Miss Agnes Drynan and Miss Mackay on Tuesday evening, when this bright *coterie* occupied one of the boxes at the Grand.

Mr. John Thompson was prevented from taking the case for the Crown at the Mock Trial, and his place was filled by Mr. Perrin most ably. The personation of Ikey Ikelstein, and also of the "culled pusson" whose evenings were spent in "selecting chickens," was most cleverly done by Mr. Fred Atkinson of Chatham. "Judge" Claude Macdonell's charge to the jury, (after having secured the address of the pretty wife of the prisoner), was as dead against the latter as it was against reason and right generally. Its idiosyncrasies provoked roars of laughter and were a credit to the ingenuity of His Lordship on the bench.

An audience both brilliant and fashionable is assured for the first concert of the Klingensfeld Orchestra to be held in Massey Hall on February 17. The *retal* of the occasion will be enhanced by the first appearance this season in concert of Miss Beverley Robinson, and the coming of Signor Nutini, the blind Paderewski, will recall the enthusiasm which greeted Blind Tom when he played in Toronto many years ago. Not merely a pleasure, but a surprise is promised for the Toronto public in the work of the orchestra, which will make its first appearance before the public under Herr Klingensfeld's able direction. His Honor the Lieut. Governor and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Premier and Mrs. Hardy and His Worship the Mayor were among the advance subscribers.

The committee in charge of the Lornes' dance to be given in Confederation Life Building on Tuesday evening next, are sparing no expense in their efforts to make this one of the most successful affairs given this season. Some of the music will be heard in Toronto for the first time. The following ladies have kindly consented to act as patronesses: Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. George McMurrich, Mrs. J. F. Eby, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. F. C. Hood, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mrs. V. Armstrong, Mrs. A. Kirkland, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. F. J. Phillips and Mrs. Walter S. Lee. Tickets can be had from the following gentlemen, and those wishing to go had better speak for them at once: Dr. F. C. Hood, Messrs. R. H. Easson, Temple McMurrich, W. P. Eby, George Gale, W. J. Morrison, H. D. Eby, J. H. Watson, J. D. McMurrich, P. L. Paterson, Lorne Cosby, Donald Bremner and F. P. Roger.

Lent comes early this year, and as usual its advent will see some of our Toronto hosts and hostesses going south, as the mother-in-law in The Mock Trial went to the Klondike "for a little change." The seer of The Grange and his kind wife, with Miss Crooks, are among those fortunate ones who can dodge March winds, and they will spend inclement days of late winter at Lakewood, where, by the way, Mrs. McMaster and Mrs. Grant are now living.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra and party have been enjoying a trip on the Nile. Cold weather has followed them, even into the land of the Pharaohs. Cairo was even chilly, but most extraordinary weather has fallen to the lot of travelers this season. During the stay of the above party in Cairo the constant setting out of crack troops for the front kept the Egyptian city in a ferment. The Cameron Highlanders went up nine hundred strong amid great excitement and enthusiasm. By the way, I hear that the most notorious of modern beauties is now living quietly in rooms at Cairo.

The residence of ex-Ald. George Verral in Wellington street west was the scene of a very pretty gathering on Tuesday evening last, the occasion being a progressive euchre party and dance tendered by his charming daughter, Miss Frances, to her numerous friends. Those present were all of the same opinion, having enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and the pretty hostess was congratulated on all hands for her success in providing such an enjoyable evening.

The law students of Osgoode Hall are proving themselves to be unequalled hosts; already on two most enjoyable occasions during this season have they entertained their friends, and now, while the success of the Mock Trial is still being sounded on every side, they announce their annual At Home, which will be given on Friday evening, February 18, at Osgoode Hall, under the distinguished patronage of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. By the courtesy of the Benchers their beautiful rooms, together with the libraries and Convocation Hall, have been placed at the disposal of the Legal and Literary Society for the occasion. The guests of the society will be received in the library of the Benchers' departments by the wives of the judges and Benchers, after which dancing will be the order of the evening. Convocation Hall has been devoted to this purpose, and there orchestras will furnish music for the dancers. The requirements of those who prefer to "sit out" dances, more or less numerous as circumstances warrant, will be fully satisfied.

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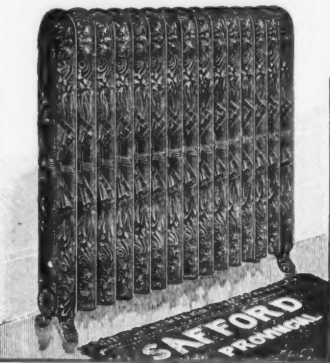
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## A Draper's Soliloquy.

With old Sol turning toward a new season the thoughts naturally run toward styles in clothing for the new season, be it man or woman who does the thinking, with this difference only, that all women will admit the satisfaction in the thought of things new to wear and most men will deny it; women will rush in with almost whirlwind eagerness; man will take a quiet look for what he wants to see. It's a little early to give him even a forecast of what's to be, but one certainty is this: that just at the proper time for spring selection Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin block, will have on view the fullest range of all the beautiful new patterns and colorings in finest imported woollens; and his name is a synonym for all that high quality means in excellence of style and the making-up of finest clothing for gentlemen.

## Furniture by Auction.

A most important auction sale of new and elegant household furniture will take place on Thursday, February 17, at the mammoth ware-rooms of Messrs. J. & J. L. O'Malley, 334 Yonge street, opposite Carlton street. Owing to expiration of lease the entire stock will be sold without the least reserve. Parties in want of high-class furniture would do well to avail themselves of this opportunity. Mr. Charles M. Henderson will conduct the sale.

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

## Births.

MACDONALD—Feb. 9, Mrs. Frank E. Macdonald—a son.  
GUNNING—Feb. 5, Mrs. F. J. Gunning—a son.  
MAHAFFY—Milton, Feb. 5, Mrs. A. Mahaffy—a daughter.  
FOSTER—Feb. 5, Mrs. H. W. Foster—a son.

## Marriages.

McCLELLAN-PRINGLE—Feb. 3, John McClellan, M.D., to Alice Margaret Pringle.  
COCKBURN-WILSON—Paris, Feb. 3, William Cockburn to Helen Wilson.  
THOMPSON-WALLS—Dec. 25, Charles Thompson to Mabel Walls.  
HOLDEN-PHILLIPS—Feb. 3, Edward D. Holden to Minnie Phillips.

## Deaths.

KILGOUR—Feb. 9, at his late residence, 98 Brunswick avenue, of pneumonia, Edmund Kilgour.  
MEACHEN—Feb. 9, Isabelle Meachen, aged 88.  
SUTHERLAND—Feb. 8, Margaret Maude Sutherland.  
TURNBULL—Feb. 9, Maggie Turnbull, aged 52.  
DAME—Feb. 6, Willet H. Dame, aged 25.  
CROIL—Feb. 6, Arthur Wellesley Croil, aged 46.  
MARTIN—Feb. 5, Winifred Grace Martin.  
RICHARDSON—Feb. 4, Annie M. Richardson.

aged 73.  
McINTYRE—Lindsay, Feb. 6, Margaret McIntyre.  
LYMAN—Feb. 3, Edwin W. Lyman, aged 55.

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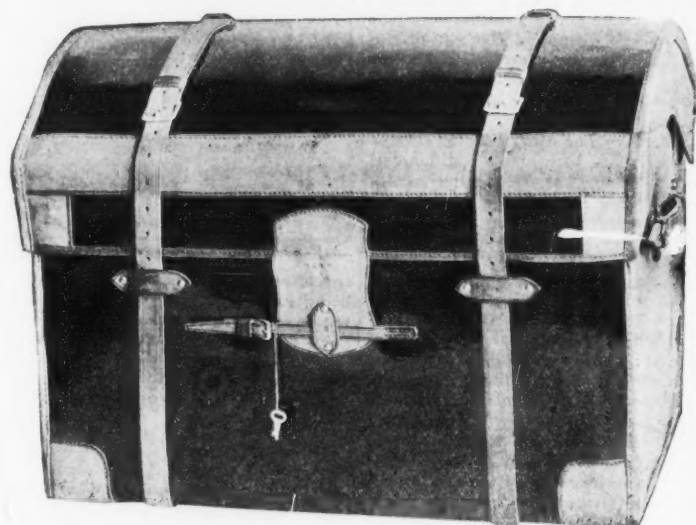
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